SPECIAL ISSUE: A CHIMPANZEE PAINTED THIS COVER OF...

MAD

IND

OUR PRICE 25c CHEAP



WHAT, ME WORRY?

No. 38

March '58



COVER ARTIST

ERNIE KOVACS • J. FRED MUGGS • BOB and RAY



THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER

(Mainly, this story is really behind the cover!)

Once again, MAD Magazine, in its ceaseless campaign to bring culture to America, scores a resounding artistic triumph with the publication of the first magazine cover ever painted by a chimpanzee. By bringing before the discerning public eye the talented work of J. Fred Muggs, MAD hopes that it has earned for him his rightful place among other truly great cover artists like Norman Rockwell, Steven Dohanos and Grandma Moses.

J. FRED MUGGS CONTEMPLATES REQUEST BY MAD FOR COVER PAINTING







INFORMAL PICTURES SHOW J. FRED MUGGS ACTUALLY PAINTING COVER







NUMBER 38 MARCH 1958

MAD

NUMBER ONE IN A FIELD OF ONE

"Show me a trunk murderer, and I'll show you a sloppy packer."
Alfred E. Neuman (19?-?)

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein
ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **SPELLING:** Jerry De Fuccio **IDEAS:** Nick Megliola
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CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: Ernie Kovacs Bob and Ray Frank Jacobs Tom Koch Albert Meglin Paul Laikin E. Nelson Bridwell Paul Krassner Alfred E. Neuman
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SPUTNIK ARTICLE REJECTER: Melvin "Lassie" Cowznofski

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Outstanding American, Arthur A. Freen 15
**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD – March-April 1958, Vol. 1, No. 38, is published bi-monthly by E. C. Publications, Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50.

VITAL FEATURES

UP-TO-DATE ALPHABET BOOK 6



Let the kids learn their ABC's from this modern up-to-date alphabet book, and, G's, U will C how quickly they all Y's up.

MIKE MALICE 10



MAD's impression of the famous TV interview program where each guest's background seems to show up as a pretty black one.

OUTSTANDING AMERICANS 15



MAD turns the spotlight on Arthur A. Freen, one of America's great unsung heroes, croons his story, and strikes a sour note.

STRANGELY BELIEVE IT 19, 31



Once again, Ernie Kovacs allows us to use some of his foolishness in MAD, which is pretty foolish any way you look at it.

BABY SITTING 27



Here's a business which seems ripe for racketeers to move in on, so MAD wastes no time and moves in on it with an article.

ENDORSEMENTS 36



Ad-men feel a well-known person's endorsement will help sell their product. We feel an article about this will help sell MAD.

BANNISTER SLIDING 38



Bob and Ray's report on this little - publicized sport shows its thrills, its spills, its chills, and mainly why it's not.

BITTER HOMES AND GARDENS 43



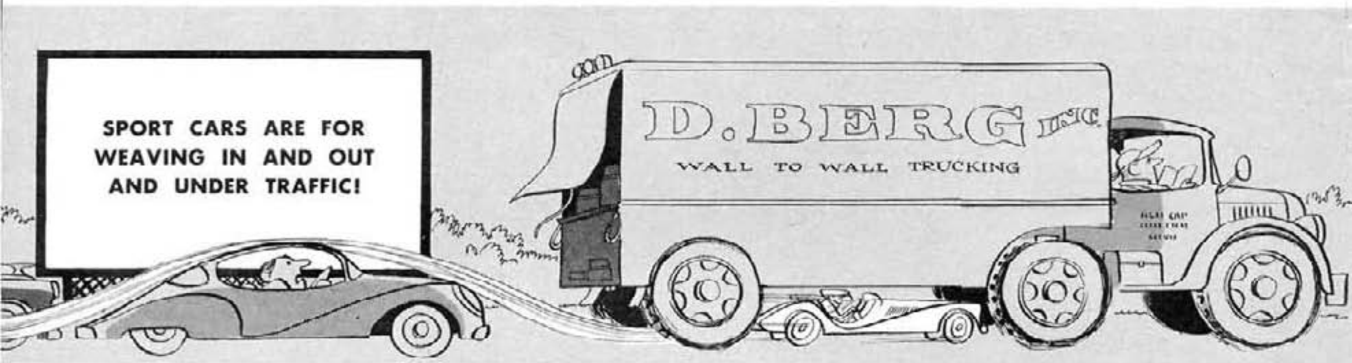
This type of magazine, which usually encourages readers to keep up with the Joneses, is usually published by the Joneses.

BUMPER CROP DEPT.

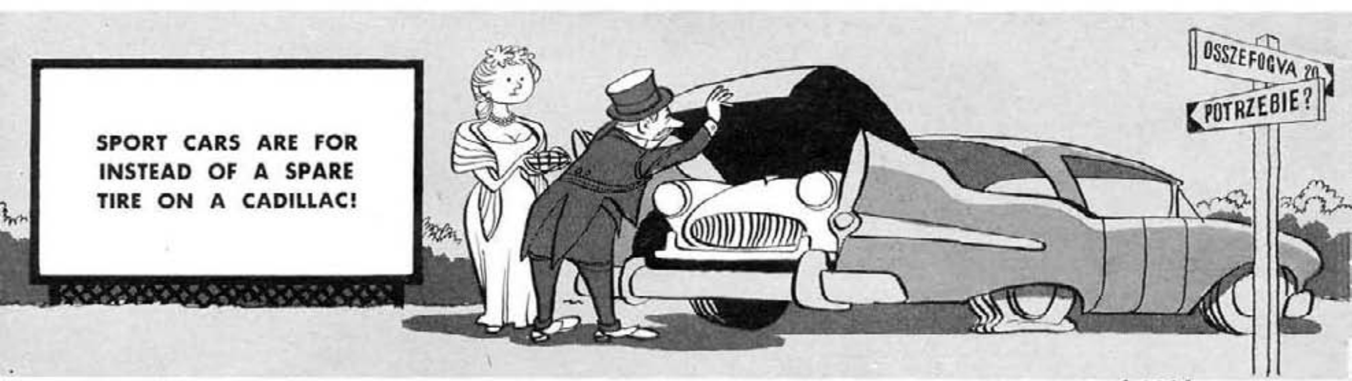
**Traffic light . . . apparatus that automatically turns red when your car approaches.

HERE IS AN ARTICLE WHICH ANSWERS THE QUESTION...

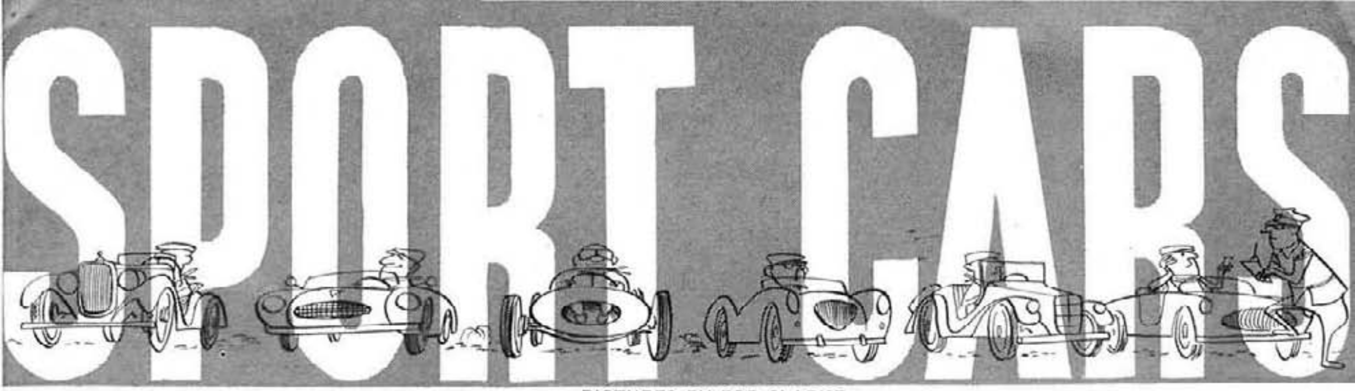
WHA' FOR...



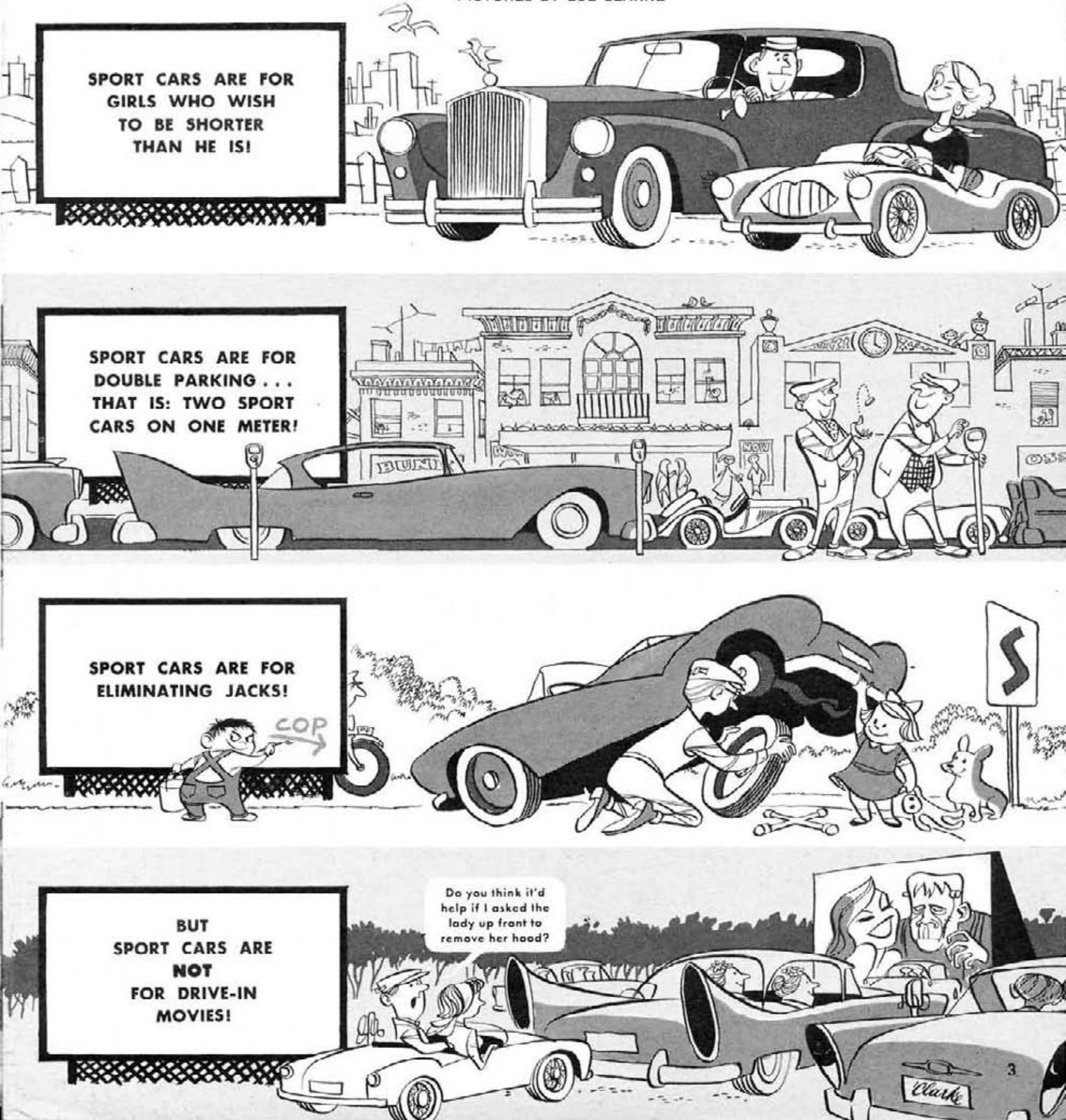








PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE



THESE EIGHT GREAT AMERICANS

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
BERNARD BARUCH
RALPH BUNCHE
FREDERICK MARCH
ADLAI STEVENSON
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TED WILLIAMS

DO NOT READ MAD

THESE EIGHT UNKNOWN AMERICANS

WILLIAM M. GAINES
ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN
JOHN PUTNAM
NICK MEGLIOLA
JERRY DE FUCCIO
WALLACE WOOD
DON MARTIN
ALFRED E. NEUMAN

DO READ MAD

What does it all mean? It means that **MAD** and only **MAD** can make you a complete, utter, worthless nonentity!

SUBSCRIBE TO MAD AND REMAIN OBSCURE!

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, New York

I want to remain obscure. I enclose $2.00 for the next nine issues of MAD. Please enter me as a subscriber.

NAME________________

ADDRESS________________

CITY____________ ZONE____ STATE______



SECRET SPORTALK

In "Secret Sportalk", how did the football player with the upside-down-head ever make the team?

Lawrence Bruce Ashin
Little Silver, N. J.



Football player?

He beat out all other candidates for the "Center" position.—Ed.

MARGINAL THINKING

So tell me how you guys like the idea of turning this letter upside down every line like I have to do if I want to read those little riddles all around the edges of the pages?

Dan Duryea
Groton, Conn.

WHA . . . ? AGAIN?

In case someone else doesn't tell you, the guy who writes your "The-guy-who-writes-your 'The-guy-who-writes-your-letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the-magazine!' letters-should-write-the-rest-of-the magazine!" letters should write the rest of the magazine!

Clifton Bean
Austin, Texas

WINSTEN AD

I must say that the *Winsten Cigarette* ad on the back cover of your January issue was one of the most delightful bits of satire on advertising that I have ever seen. Congratulations on what I'd say was a most cleverly done job.

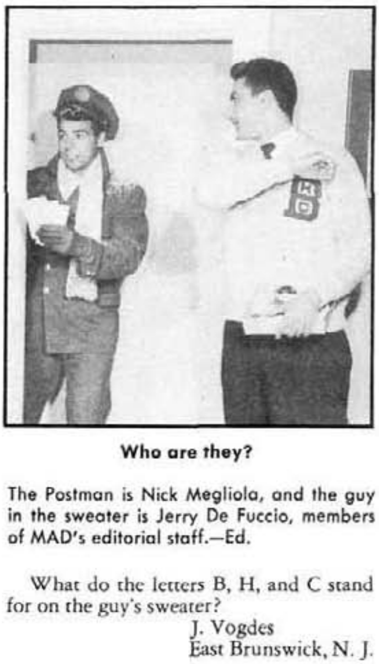
George F. French
Berkely, Calif.

You have never made a better satire advertisement than the *Winsten* ad. It had me in stitches for hours.

Myron Bloom
Freeport, N. Y.

I have loved Alfred E. Neuman ever since I first saw his face in MAD. But now I must confess I love someone else. Two fellas, as a matter of fact! Who are the two boys in the *Winsten* ad?

Barbara S.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Who are they?

The Postman is Nick Megliola, and the guy in the sweater is Jerry De Fuccio, members of MAD's editorial staff.—Ed.

What do the letters B, H, and C stand for on the guy's sweater?

J. Vogdes
East Brunswick, N. J.

Jerry informs us that the letters stand for "Boston Hockey Club". The sweater was given to him by a girl who got it from a guy on the team.—Ed.

"Television . . . movies where people don't step on your feet."

LETTERS DEPT.

REJECTION SLIPS

You published all those other Rejection Slips! What does a MAD rejection slip look like?

Daniel K. Tillmanns
Santa Monica, Calif.

You asked for it, so here it is!—Ed.

MAD

Dear Contributor:

ECH-H-H-H!

The Editor

MAD rejection slip?

MAD GAMES

Thanks for all the suckers who sent for a Draft Dodger Membership Card. My boys are on their way!

J. Edgar Hoover
Washington, D. C.

GENERAL COMMENTS

By reading MAD since its 10¢ days, I have acquired much valuable information and knowledge. Indeed, I have learned how to cope with all the problems and situations arising from life in this modern world. Only one thing still occasionally troubles me, mainly: How many issues in a volume?

Richard Skolnik
New York, N. Y.

Your magazine has replaced the Sears Roebuck catalogue at our house.

Bill Sullivan
Beaumont, Texas

I've been reading MAD for three years now, and I haven't yet come across anything that makes sense!

Richard Stratton
Bayport, N. Y.

How in heck do you guys think up all them crazy names you use in the mag?

Thadeus Gontarski
Charlestown, Mass.

Anyone who has nothing better to do than write a letter to you screwy guys must be an idiot!

Dick Manlin
St. Louis, Mo.

I have been writing to you clods for a long time, telling you what a hopeless failure your mag is, and you've never printed my letters. So this time, I've decided to praise (*ugh*) you. This time, I gotta hand it (*ugh*) to you. The mag was (*ugh*) hilarious.

Guy Berry
Havertown, Pa.

Flattery will get you somewhere!—Ed.

**Movies . . . television where people don't interrupt with unexpected visits.

IN THE NEWS

Enclosed you will find a picture of Bonnie Prince Charlie that I clipped from the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*. Am I finally cracking after so many years of enduring MAD's brainwashing, or do I really detect a resemblance?

Robert Foster
State College, Miss.

The accompanying picture, being worth a thousand words, should suffice.

Roy B. Russell
Univ. of Kentucky

Thought the marked resemblance to someone you know might intrigue you.

T/Sgt. Charles Meyers
Foster AFB, Texas

Could it be . . . ???

John Cruz
Chicago, Ill.



Could it be?

You really go all out to publicize that rag of yours, don't you?

Harry W. Wallace
Los Angeles, Calif.

Absolutely no comment!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Room 706, Dept. 38, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12, New York.

Every year, we are required by the Post Office to publish the following information which mainly tells you who to sue!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC. OF MAD Published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1957. Required by the Act of Congress, August 24, 1912, March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946. Publisher: – William M. Gaines, New York, N. Y. Editor: – Albert B. Feldstein, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: None. Business Manager: None. Owners: – E. C. Publications, Inc., William M. Gaines, V. E. McAdie, J. K. Gaines, all of New York, N. Y. There are no bondholders, mortgages or other security holders. (Signed) William M. Gaines. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of September 1957. (Signed) Ettore de Stefano, Notary Public 24-6001 500 (My commission expires March 30, 1958)

NOW JOHNNY CAN READ DEPT.

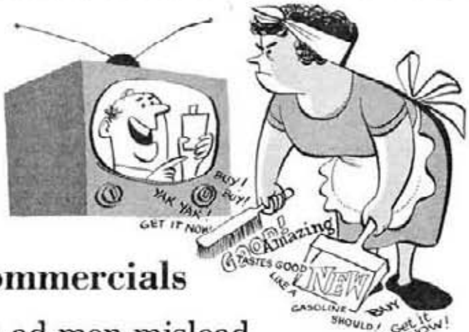
The way we figure it, the reason why Johnny can't read these days is: he's got nothing interesting to learn from! Like, f'rinstance, them old fashioned alphabet books. It stands to reason kids would learn their ABC's a lot better and faster with something like . . .

MAD'S REVISED ALPHABET BOOK



A *is for* atom

Which scientists contend
Will either make a better world,
Or bring it to an end.



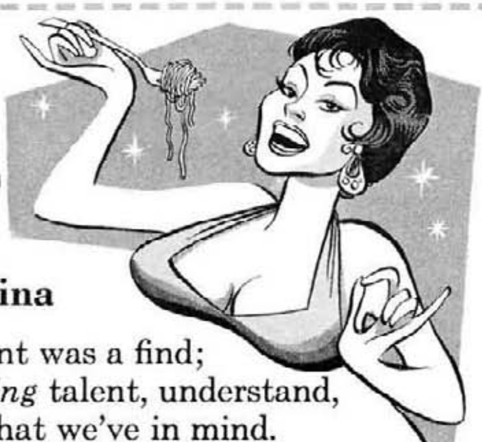
C *is for* commercials

In which ad men mislead.
They snow you under all day, till
You buy what you don't need.



D *is for* divorce

Which couples quickly file
The moment marriage has problems
They can't solve grown-up style.



G *is for* Gina

Her talent was a find;
And *acting* talent, understand,
Is not what we've in mind.



H *is for* Hi-Fi

Reproduction so true;
You hear not only every note,
But each mistake made, too.

**Transit company . . . group that complains of bad business when all passengers get seats.

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

NEW UP-TO-DATE ABET OK



B *is for* **breakfast**

A meal we used to take,
Which in our times has given way
To ye old coffee break.



E *is for . . .* **oh, must we!**

It's bad enough to know
His sickening gyrations are
Still making so much dough.



F *is for* **fifth**

That popular item.
Some guys drink it; some guys plead it
Ad infinitum.



I *is for* **ivy**

The league that's on the track
Of sound functional thinking like...
Pants with buckles in back?!



J *is for* **Jaguar**

The only car to drive.
It's souped-up to go 120
In zones of 35.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

K



is for **king-size**

A bargain smoke by far.
You get more for your money, sure...
More nicotine and tar.

L



is for **libel**

Big cases that now pend
Against those scandal magazines
May bring their welcome end.

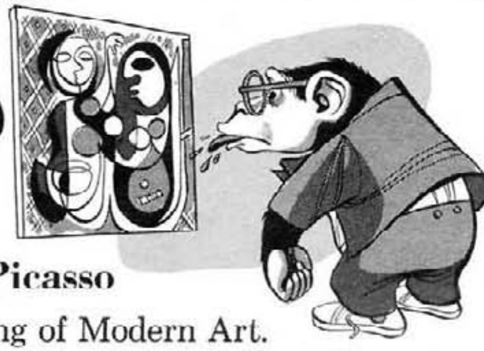
O



is for **octane**

It's now getting so high,
That modern cars with huge tail fins
Will soon begin to fly.

P



is for **Picasso**

The King of Modern Art.
Put his work next to J. Fred Muggs':
You can't tell them apart!

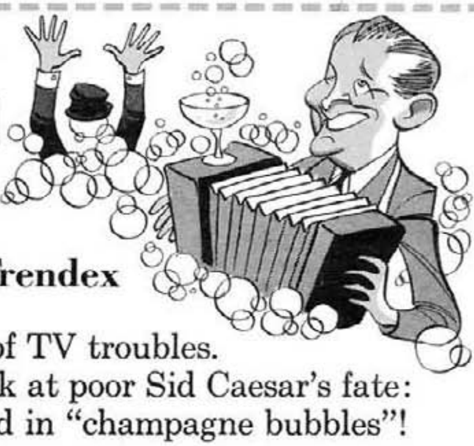
S



is for **Super-Market**

The place to shop today;
You take home all the things you need,
But leave your whole week's pay.

T



is for **Trendex**

Source of TV troubles.
Just look at poor Sid Caesar's fate:
Drowned in "champagne bubbles"!

W



is for **western**

There's now an avalanche
Of "adult" types, but we sure miss
"Meanwhile, back at the ranch..."

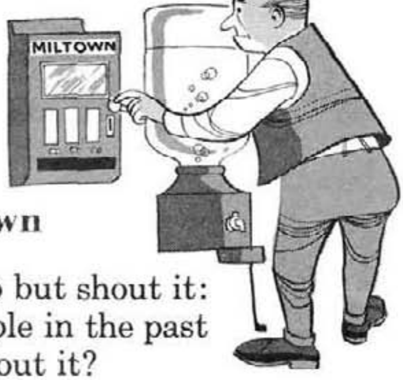
X



is for **X-pense account**

We've cheated on this rhyme
To show what guys who keep them do;
They pad them all the time!

M



is for **Miltown**

We can't help but shout it:
How did people in the past
Ever do without it?

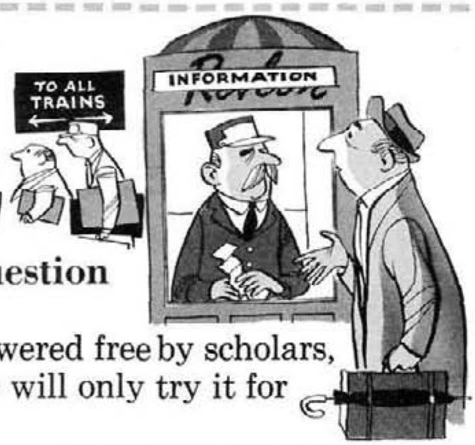
N



is for **neurotic**

An hour, he'll insist,
Is only fifty minutes long
With his psychiatrist.

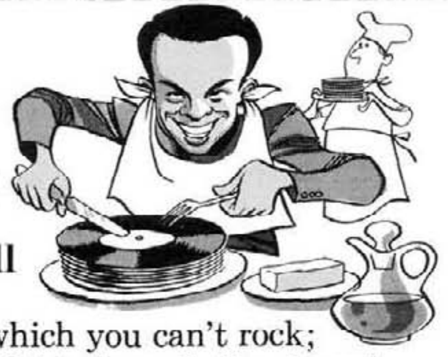
Q



is for **question**

Once answered free by scholars,
Who now will only try it for
$64,000.

R



is for **roll**

Without which you can't rock;
Without which dear ol' Alan Freed
Might now be deep in hock.

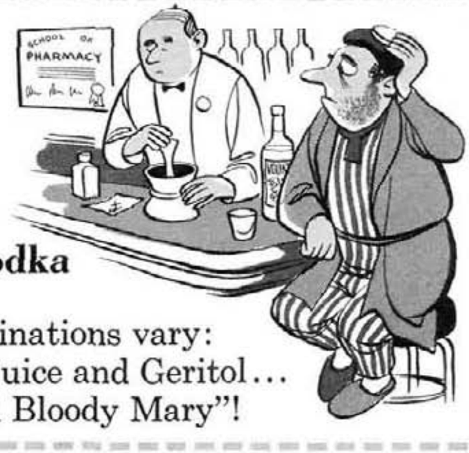
U



is for **Union**

Of late, they're in the news;
The rank and file *strike* for a raise,
The "Boss" *takes* his from dues.

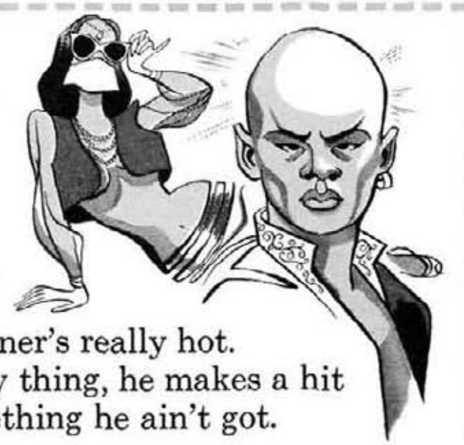
V



is for **vodka**

Its combinations vary:
Tomato juice and Geritol...
A "Tired Bloody Mary"!

Y



is for **Yul**

That Brynner's really hot.
And, funny thing, he makes a hit
With something he ain't got.

Z



is for **zip-gun**

The world would be real cool
If guys who make 'em used their brains
For better grades in school.

MIKE FRIGHT DEPT.

There had been hard-hitting television interviewers before, but when this new one appeared on the scene, he put them all to shame. He's Mike Malice, and his technique seems to be to disarm his guests with unexpected and shockingly personal questions while the TV camera moves in for a tight close-up, picking up every wrinkle, blemish, pimple, pore, bead of sweat and nervous twitch of his uncomfortable victim. Now, this makes for great television. Trouble is, the viewer is so fascinated by these revealing close-ups, he doesn't hear one word of them shocking questions and answers. So this article will let you study the close-ups, and still give you a chance to concentrate on them questions, as . . .





*Divorcee . . . post-graduate in the School of Love.


MALICE
INTERVIEWS MOTHER GOOSE
What you are about to witness is a completely unrehearsed, completely uncensored, completely unbiased, and completely unnecessary interview! My name is Mike Malice. The cigarette is named Morris Philip. The program is named in a law suit!
MAD MOTHER GOOSE
All right! Let's go on! I quote: "Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. When she got there, the cupboard was bare . . ." Now isn't that a thinly disguised way of saying that old people in this country are left to starve? That nobody cares about them? That Social Security is a complete and utter failure?
Sufferin' catfish! I . . .
Let me read you this! Again I quote your own words! "See-Saw, Marjorie Daw, Jack shall have a new master. He shall earn a penny a day, because he can't work faster!" Wouldn't you agree that this is a slur on working conditions in this country, Mrs. Goose?
Well, I really . . .
Oh, come now, Mrs. Goose . . .
Well, won't you even admit that you have made insidious comments about housing conditions in the U.S.? I mean . . . people living in **old shoes** and **pumpkin shells** . . .
Heavenly day, I just . . .
Really, Mrs. Goose! Own up!
When I wrote those, I . . .
Mrs. Goose, you haven't answered my questions! Do I take this as an admission of guilt . . . ?
I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me!
Thank you, Mother Goose, for coming and talking to us!
Thank you, Mr. Malice!
It was a pleasure having you.
The pleasure . . . **choke** . . . was all mine!
MP
Tonight, we have spoken with Mother Goose, whose poems are undeniably woven into the fabric of our childhood ideas. Forthright in her opinions, Mrs. Goose proved to be a generous, kind, sweet, harmless, gentle soul, whose one purpose in life seems to be a forthright determination to entertain our young people . . . and maybe wreck our nation. This is Mike Malice. Goodnight.
WE PUSH DISCUSSION-- NOT CONTROVERSY!

THE "EYES" HAVE HAD IT DEPT.

This article is in answer to an urgent appeal sent us by the "National Foundation of Real Life Day-In-and-Day-Out Private Eyes" to clear up the *misconceptions* about the profession that current Detective Fiction is creating. The president of the NFRLDIDOPE (whose signature looks like Gmmmn W. Egmmmn) is particularly upset about novels like Mickey Spitoon's best sellers, "Gore Me Sexy," "Sex Me Gory," etc. . . . According to Mr. Egmmmn, this kind of writing, though technically accurate, tends to conjure up pictures in the reader's mind which are *very far afield* from the *real* daily life of a *real* Private Eye. So, as a public service, we here at MAD herewith present the text of Mr. Spitoon's latest novel, along with the mental images you *should* be getting as you read

This is a big town. There are a lot of cruds in this town. Guys who'll lie and cheat and even kill for a fast buck. And I'm one of them!

Mike Chisel is the monicker. I'm a Private Eye.

There was still a muscle-hard 200 pounds of me left as I caught my first winks of sleep in 17 days, shaved, dressed, showered, stowed away a meal, and checked back in at the office after wrapping up the Shackleford caper.

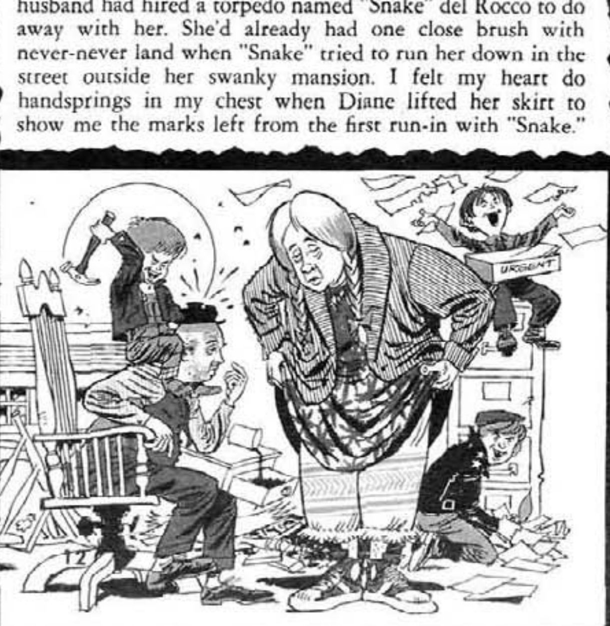


My head felt like a wet sandbag from the diet of Dry Bourbon Stingers I'd been on for the past two weeks. Thoughts of the little hat check girl at "21" and that night on the davenport in Davenport kept pushing their way up out of the fog in my brain and into my conscious. But I shook them off.

I sat down at my desk and started cleaning my heater for action.



Her name was Diane Wilkinson, a handle that fit her as snugly as the sweater she wore. She told me that her husband had hired a torpedo named "Snake" del Rocco to do away with her. She'd already had one close brush with never-never land when "Snake" tried to run her down in the street outside her swanky mansion. I felt my heart do handsprings in my chest when Diane lifted her skirt to show me the marks left from the first run-in with "Snake."

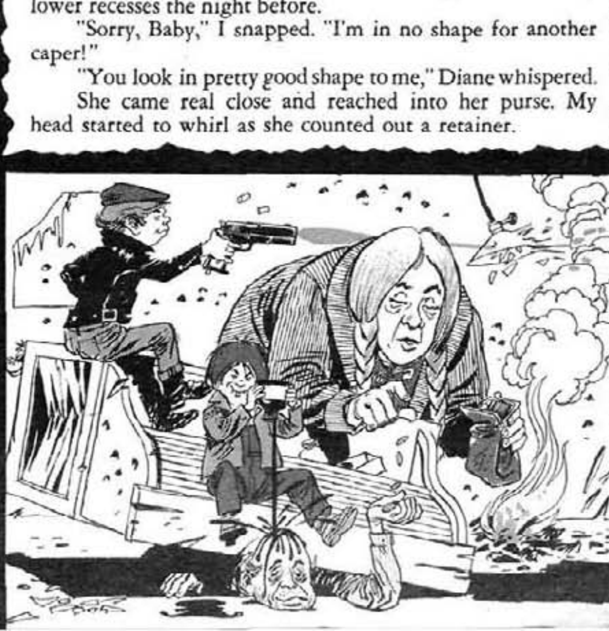


A buzz saw was still ripping away at my brain from the 34 Creme de Menthe Old Fashioneds I'd poured into my lower recesses the night before.

"Sorry, Baby," I snapped. "I'm in no shape for another caper!"

"You look in pretty good shape to me," Diane whispered.

She came real close and reached into her purse. My head started to whirl as she counted out a retainer.



BLOOD, GUTS, A ROSCOE & YOU

by Mickey Spitoon

I didn't have to wait long for trouble to beat a path to my door. Sexina, my girl Friday, oozed into the room, her lips slightly parted in an "I-want-to-be-wanted" look. She mumbled incoherently, and I finally figured out she was trying to tell me that a client was waiting in the outer office. I guess it's pretty hard to talk with your lips slightly parted. I made a mental note to see a lot more of Sexina and told her to send the sucker in.



Little men with trip-hammers were still pounding on my temples from the 26—or was it 27—Vermouth Boxcars I'd put away the night before, and the idea of starting out on another caper didn't appeal to me. But I gave the thing some fast reconsideration when I glanced up.

She was very tall, and very blonde. And she gave off a scent of perfume that I didn't have to identify to know the reason for.



PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

After she drifted out, leaving behind a fragrance of bruised roses, I checked the name Wilkinson in the phone book, and found it to be a fashionable East Side address.

I downed a straight shot of Irish to quiet the 41 Curacao Frappés of the night before that were still churning around inside me, and headed over that way.

I knew from the start it was going to be a rough case. The driver eyed me suspiciously as I handed him a twenty.



The Wilkinson town house was one of those places that oozed money, a stately old mansion that reminded you of what this town must have been like before the grafters and the hoods and the cops took over.

I edged up to what I thought was a bedroom window, and caught sight of a half-clothed figure that made me forget the 54 shots of Kummel-on-the-rocks from the night before that were still doing bumps and grinds in my belly.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

I was soaking up an eyeful when a chill ran up my spine as if somebody'd just dropped a Popsicle down my shirt.

A figure was moving in the shrubbery not ten feet away!

Still nursing one lump on my noggin from the Shackleford caper, and not anxious to pick up another one, I whipped out my roscoe and fired at the shadowy form . . .

Kazowie . . . Kazowie . . . Kazowie . . .

He let out one short cry and fell dead at my feet.



I glanced down at the blood-spattered corpse with the hole where his guts used to be, and my heart was a 50¢ block of ice. There's no room for emotion in my racket. Once you let it in, you're all washed up.

The racket I'd stirred up with my busy .45 brought quick action from somewhere behind me.

I felt the crunch of raw metal bury itself into my scalp, and then everything went black.



When the lights flickered on again, I felt as if the Army-Navy game was being played between my ears.

I staggered to my feet and looked around. There was a dingy bar down the street. I slammed in, braced myself with more Rum Sours than I should have had, and headed back to the office.

What I found when I arrived told me again that there was more to this caper than I'd bargained for:



I marked the case closed, and went out into the cool night air.

There's something lonely about a city at night, when the streets are deserted and a stillness hangs over everything except for the occasional far away cry of a baby with a soiled diaper.

I tried hard to put Diane Wilkinson out of my mind, and started concentrating on my next assignment.



**Bachelor of Science . . . one who has mastered the science of remaining a bachelor.

UNHUNG HEROES DEPT.

OUTSTANDING AMERICANS

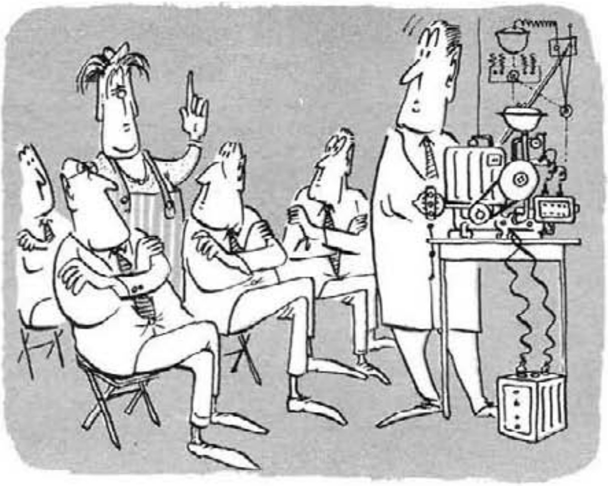
The First In A Series

ARTHUR A. FREEN

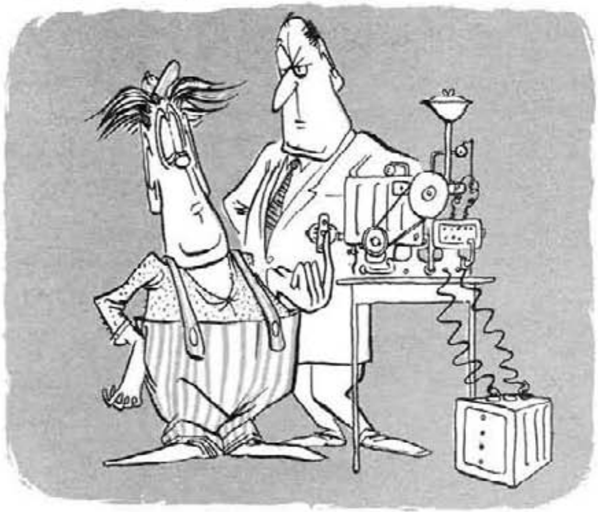
From Garage Mechanic to Automotive Genius

STORY AND PICTURES BY DON MARTIN

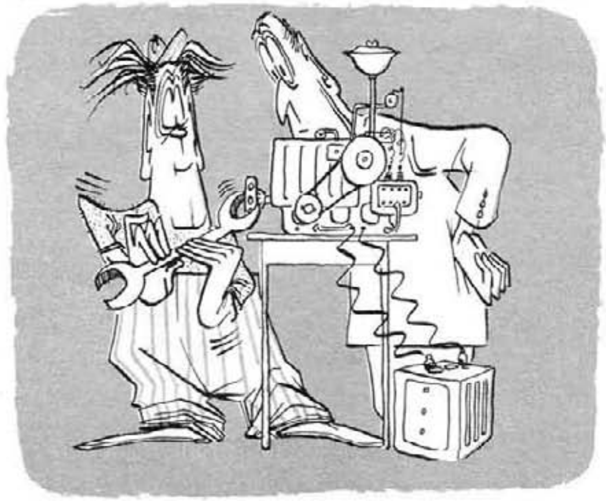
Young "Art" first came before the public eye in 1934 during a demonstration of the new Packard H-47 engine.

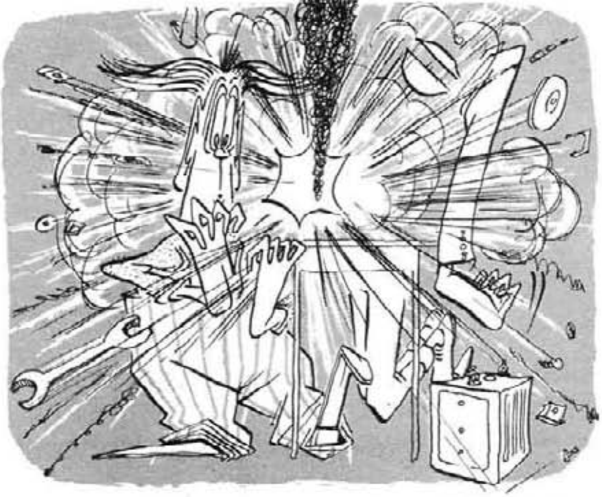


Freen suggested that greater speed could be attained by simply connecting the cam toggle to the litter bolt-head.



Packard engineers watched in awe as the young mechanic made the proper adjustments for his revolutionary idea.



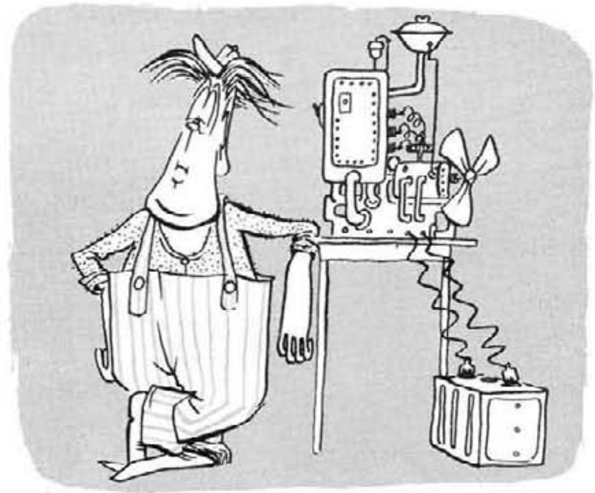


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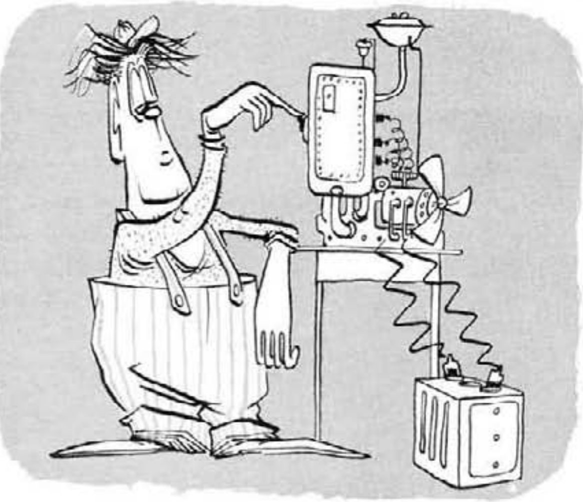
Any other man would have been discouraged by this sound defeat . . . but not Freen. To him, this was a challenge!



Only a few months later, Arthur Freen came forth with a plan for hooking a Biddle stabilizer to the axle stead.



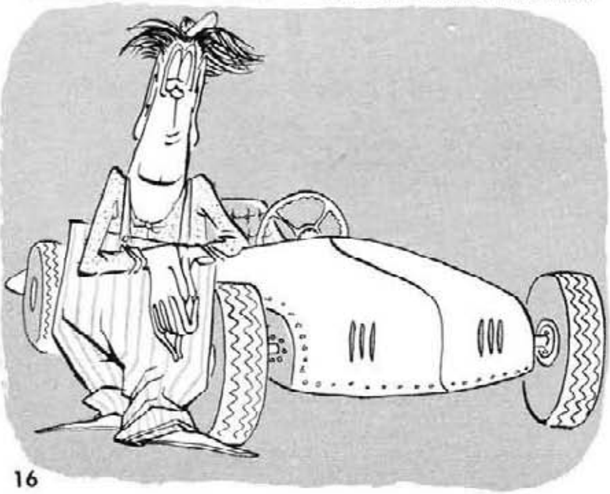
It was because of Arthur Freen's startling demonstration of this revolutionary new idea on September 28, 1934 . . .



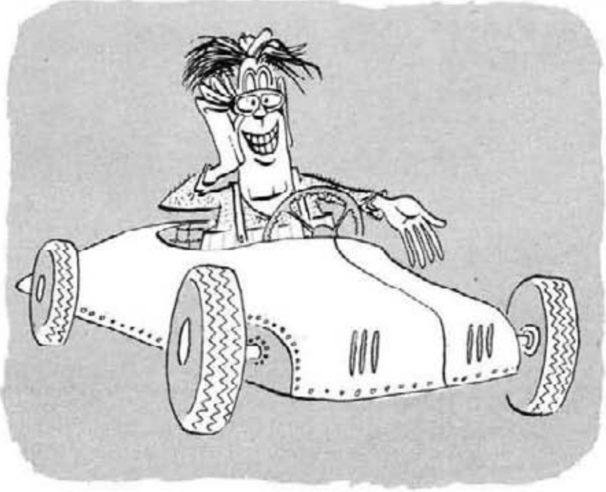
. . . that Studebaker discarded the idea once and for all.



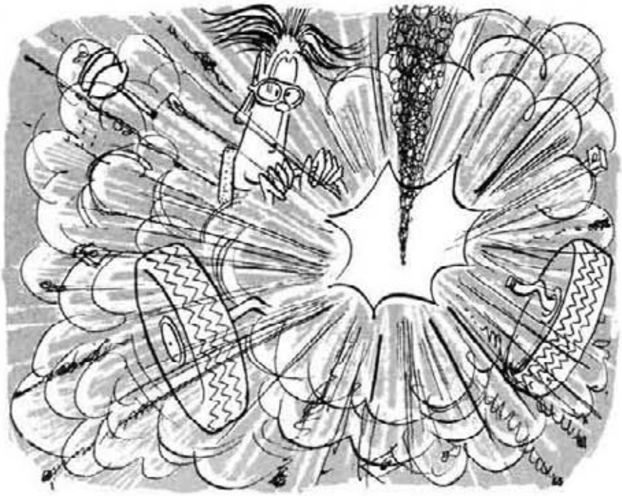
Two years later, Arthur Freen returned to the limelight, this time with a car which he claimed would do 180 MPH.



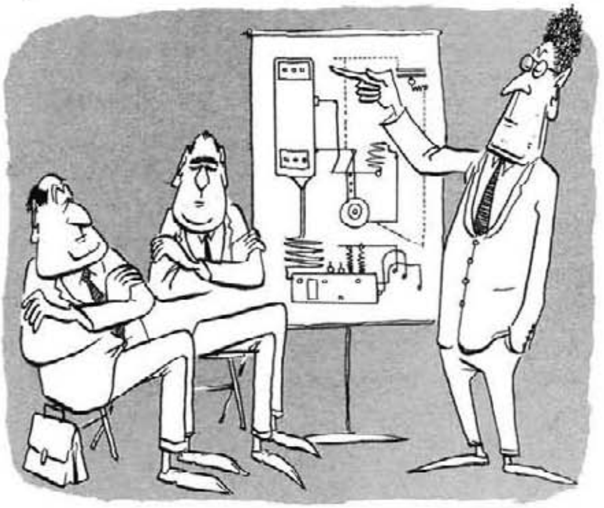
"All I did was widen the spindle shaft," announced Freen. (An idea Chrysler had been working on for six months!!)



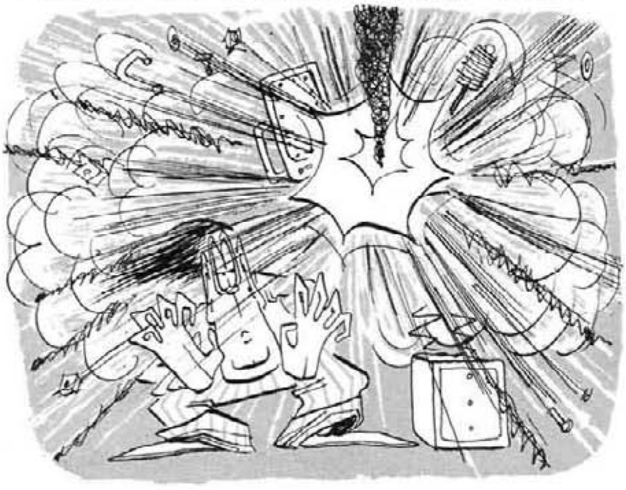
Needless to say, Chrysler immediately gave up the idea!



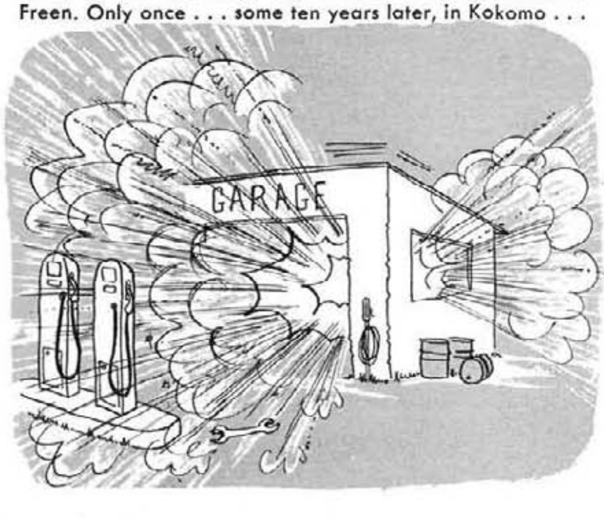
In 1940, when General Motors decided that more horsepower would result if the breaker gasket were enlarged . . .



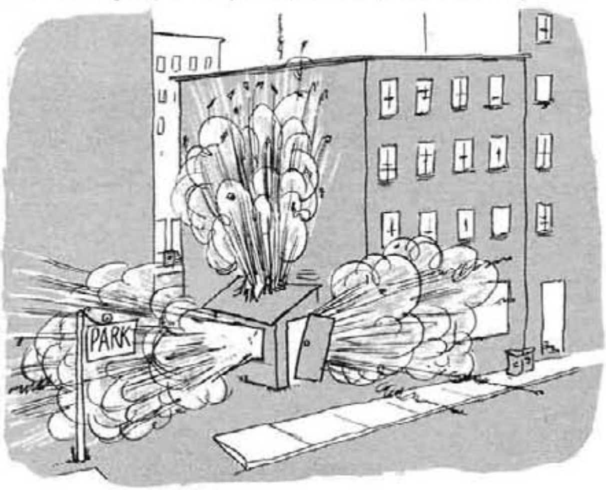
It was Arthur Freen who proved conclusively it wouldn't!



Then, as time went by, little was heard from Arthur A. Freen. Only once . . . some ten years later, in Kokomo . . .



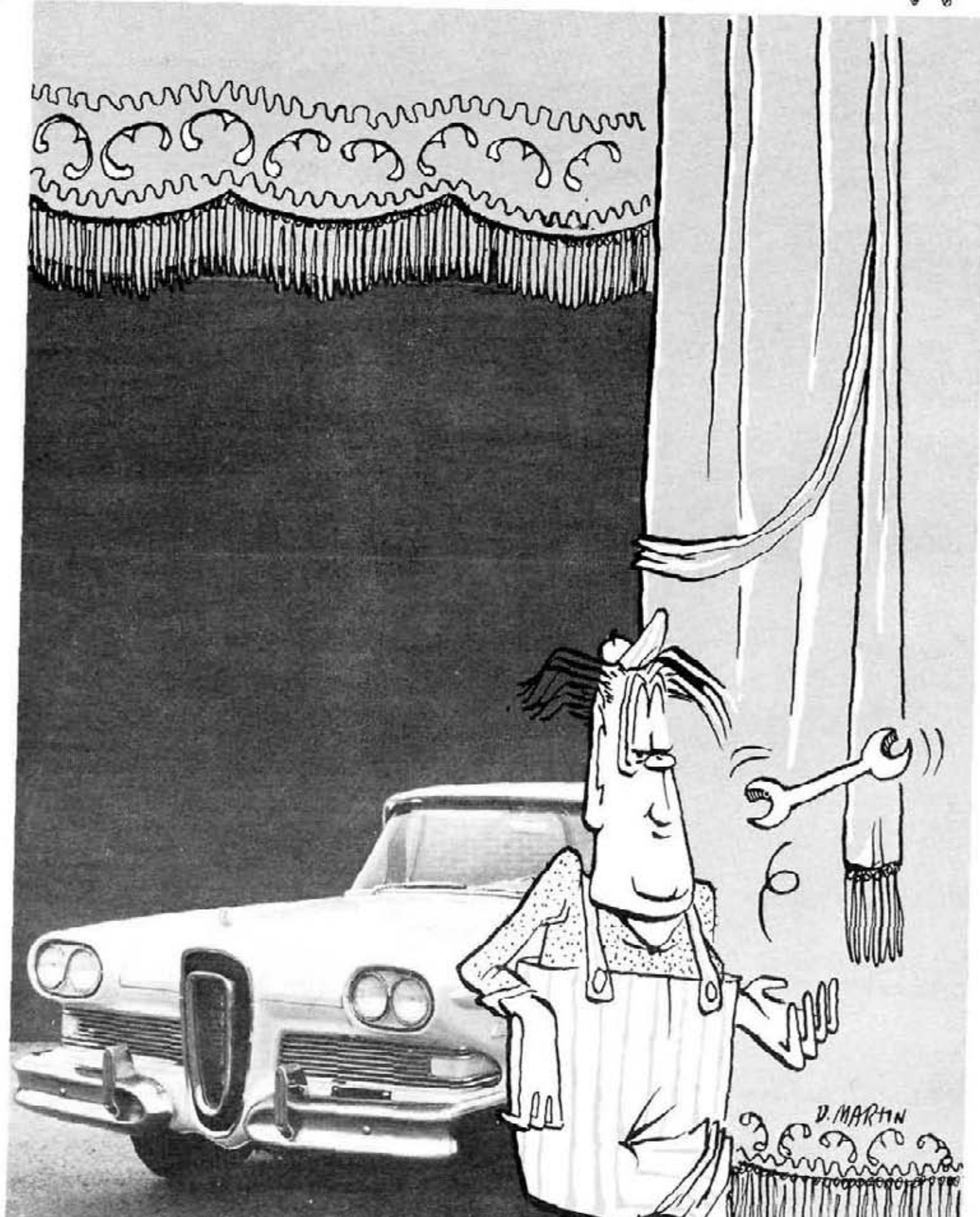
. . . and again, a few years after that, in Chattanooga . . .



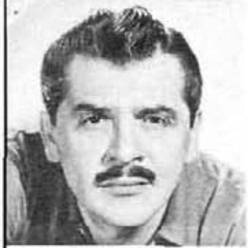
Until late in 1957, when Arthur A. Freen, automotive genius, appeared once again with a revolutionary idea . . .



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END



ERNIE KOVACS DEPT. PART I

Strangely Believe It!

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD



**Pioneer . . . early American who was lucky enough to find his way out of the woods.

Did you know that MAD's own Alfred E. Neuman once worked in a matchbook factory? Well, it's true! He held the job for one whole day, and then he was fired. Because they found out he just

CRAZY MIXED-UP Matchbook



1



2



5



6



7



8



**Man . . . a remarkable animal whose head swells when you pat his back.

didn't have the brains to match the matchbook fronts with the matchbook backs. To show you what we mean, here is the result of Alfred's handiwork, mainly a sickening collection of . . .

MISMATCHED Covers



PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

3



4



9



10



11



12



"Woman . . . creature who acts nice to you because she doesn't like you, or mean, because she does.

R. S. V. P. DEPT.

You can be a guest at the most important social events o

MAD INV

ED SULLIVAN
Invites You To Observe The
SURPRISE PARTY
He is Planning for
STEVE ALLEN
at
YUCCA FLATS
NEVADA
On Friday, the 13th of June, 1958
Observers will assemble at 8 o'clock.
Zero hour will be 9 o'clock.
Flash proof glasses will be provided

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Manville
Request your Presence at the
Wedding
of their son
Tommy
to
Miss ....
(To be filled in at a later date)
on
Independence Day - 1958
at the
Big Church Around The Corner
New York City
Cocktails at 5 P. M.
Reception at 6 P. M.
Ceremony at 7 P. M.
Divorce at 8 P. M.
R.S.V.P.

MR. & MRS. J. HUBERT STURDLEY
request the honor of your presence
at the
COMING OUT PARTY
of their daughter
MAGNOLIA
on
WEDNESDAY
THE TWENTY FIRST OF FEBRUARY
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT
GATE 4
CELL BLOCK 13
LEAVENWORTH
KANSAS
TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
Sharp
Dress Optional

Westbrook Pegler
cordially invites
All His Friends
to his
Birthday Party
on Sunday, January 12, 1958
in his
One Room Apartment
in New York City
Around 9 P. M. sharp
R.S.V.P.

**Love . . . unseen when it comes, but visible when it goes.

1958 with these . . .

ITATIONS

The Shah of Iran, Sr.
requests your attendance at the
Wedding
of his son
Shah of Iran, Jr.
to
ALICE
BETTY
JOAN
MARIE
HELEN
DAPHNE
INGABORG
HORTENSE
SONIA
BEVERLY
EVE
MINERVA
IRVING
SYDELLE
and WANDA TURD
in the main Harem at Saudi Arabia
the fifteenth of June, 1958
REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED
(Dietary laws observed)

MR. & MRS. JOHN FOSTER DULLES
Request Your Presence At Their
GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATION
On Saturday, February Eighth,
Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-Eight
ITINERARY:
Reception: 1 P. M.
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, N. Y.
Ceremony: 8 P. M.
HONSHU AIRPORT, TOKYO
Dinner: 2 A. M.
PICCADILLY DEPOT, LONDON
R.S.V.P.

Liberace
desires your presence at an
Unveiling
of the
New White Caps On His Teeth
Thursday
The Fourteenth of March
Nineteen-Hundred Fifty-Eight
at his home in
Beverly Hills, California
Mouth Opens Promptly at 9 P. M.
RSVP

MICHAEL TODD
announces
he has rented the
TAJ MAHAL
for his
LATEST PARTY
celebrating
The Recent Recovery of his Wife
ELIZABETH
from a head cold
Friday evening
and all night following
September twenty-fourth, 1958
Your arrival is graciously awaited

POTRZEBIE

LIKEWISE, I'M SURE DEPT.

NOBODY HA
FUN AT PA
(Because the Introductions t

That's right! Today's parties are no fun because everybody spends too much time making sure they're introduced to everybody else when they arrive. So much time is spent introducing everybody to every-

AT 9:30 P.M., THE FIRST GUESTS, JOE AND BELINDA, ARRIVE



AT 10 P.M., THE NEXT GUESTS ARRIVE.



**Swimming pool . . . a mob of people with water in it.

S ANY
RTIES
ake too long!)

body that there's no time left to have a good time at the party. To show you what we mean, let's look in on a typical party. Here are Harry and Sadie waiting for their guests to arrive.

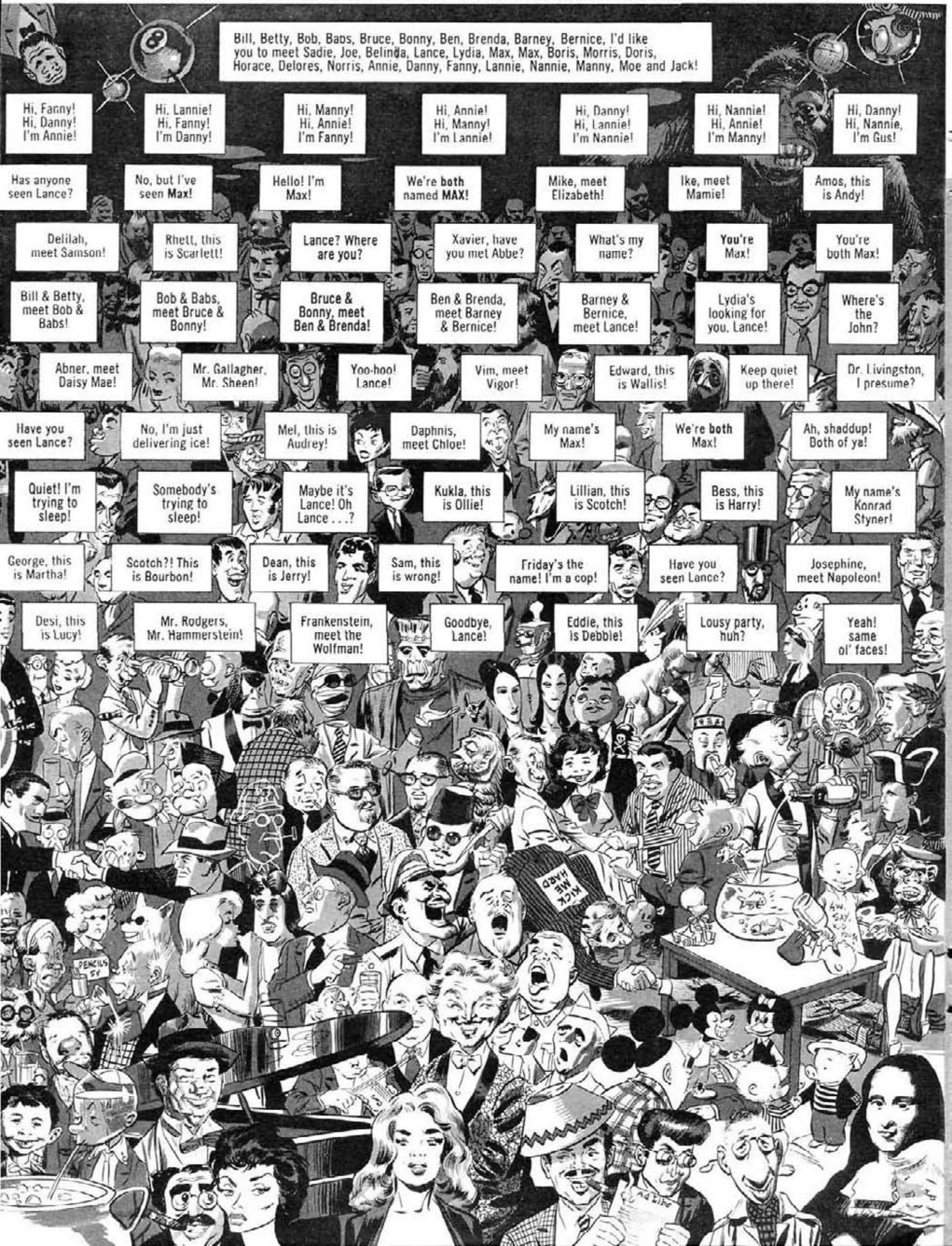


PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

THEY ARE LANCE, LYDIA, AND TWO GUYS NAMED MAX



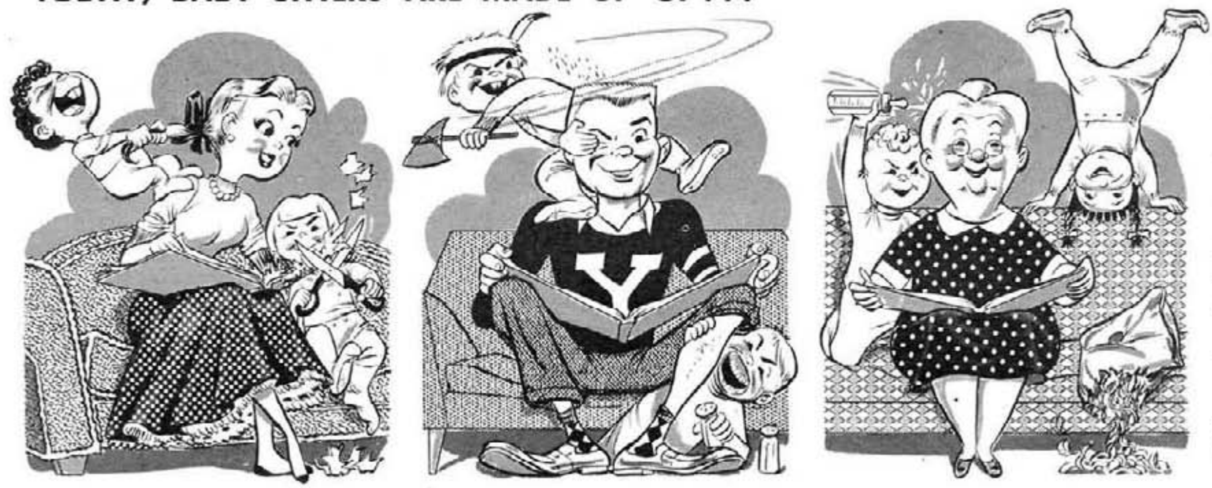
FINAL STAGE OCCURS AT 12 P.M. AS LAST GUESTS ARRIVE. BY THE TIME EVERYONE HAS MET EVERYONE ELSE, IT'S TIME TO GO HOME.



THE PATTER OF BIG FEET DEPT.

BABY SITTING MAY RUIN OUR NATION!

TODAY, BABY SITTERS ARE MADE UP OF . . .



SWEET YOUNG TEEN-AGE GIRLS . . . ALL-AMERICAN COLLEGE BOYS . . . KINDLY OLD GRANDMOTHERS

**Self-control . . . the ability to eat only one peanut.

BUT

STORY AND PICTURES BY DAVID BERG

BABY SITTING IS NO CHILD'S PLAY! AMERICANS SPEND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ANNUALLY ON BABY SITTERS! WHEN THERE'S THAT KIND OF MONEY AROUND . . .

THE RACKETEERS ARE SURE TO MUSCLE IN!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

CRIME SYNDICATES WILL TAKE OVER LOCAL BABY SITTING SERVICES



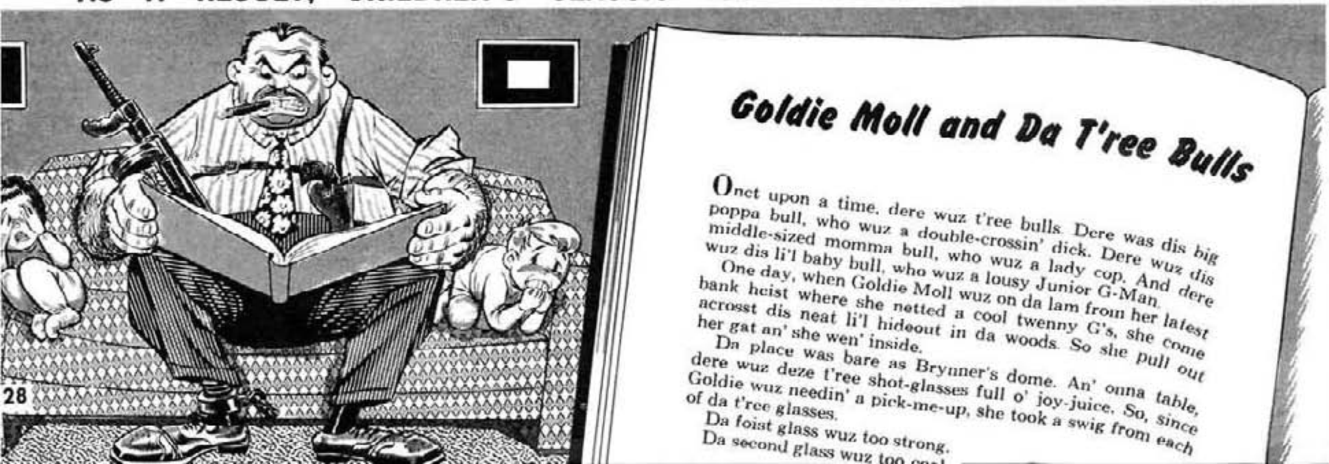
GANG WARS WILL BREAK OUT AGAIN OVER BABY SITTING TERRITORIES



USUAL BABY SITTERS WILL BE REPLACED WITH SYNDICATE PERSONNEL



AS A RESULT, CHILDREN'S CLASSIC FAIRY TALES WILL BE CHANGED



RULES FOR SYNDICATE BABY SITTERS

(Break these rules and we break your arm!)

IF KID GETS UP CRYING . . .



Turn on radio loud so you won't hear him.

NEVER HIT KID . . .



With brass knuckles. They leave marks.

NEVER STEAL ANYTHING . . .



That's nailed down. Syndicate gets 50%.

NO BLOWING FAMILY SAFE . . .



It'll wake up the kid. Use a blow torch.

NO DRINKING ON JOB . . .



Except for beer, gin, scotch and whiskey.

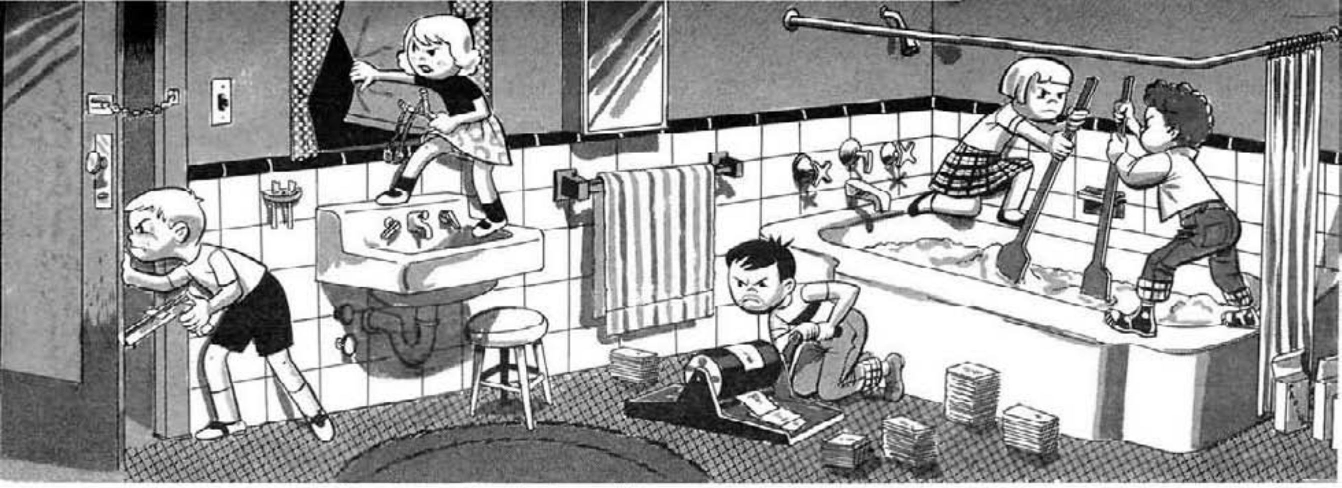
KEEP YOUR GUN CLEAN . . .



The kid's liable to put it in his mouth.

** Salesman . . . man with ability to convince wife she'd look fat in mink.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Before you know it, the kids will be aping their gangster baby sitters . . . running off counterfeit bubble-gum cards, and making bathtub pablum.



As for those ex-baby sitters . . . those sweet young teen-age girls and the All-American college boys . . . with nothing to do, they'll become junior delinquents. And the kindly grandmothers'll become senior delinquents.

***Abstract art* . . . evidence that things aren't really as bad as they're painted.



So . . . you parents who are out on the town now . . . drop that bowling ball! Throw away that perfect bridge hand! Never mind what happens in the last act! Go home! And stay home! Kick out that sweet young teen-age girl and that All-American college boy and that kindly grandmother! Take care of the kids yourself! By George, you wanna ruin the nation? **END**



ERNIE KOVACS DEPT. PART II

Strangely Believe It!

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD











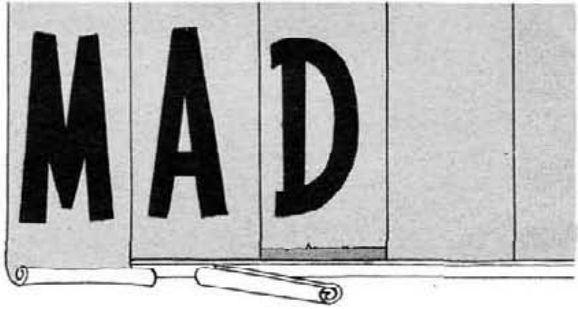
George was fighting with his wife at the time.



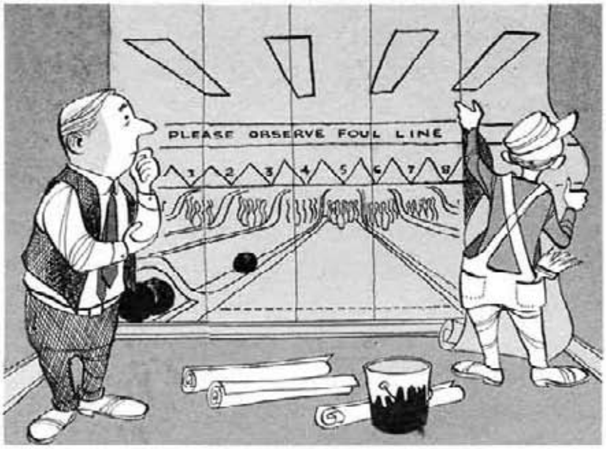
**Cannibal . . . person who likes to see other people stewed.

INFERIOR DECORATION DEPT.

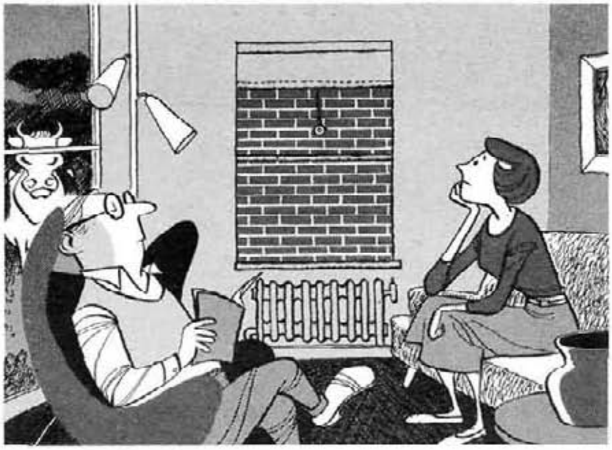
Ever notice how that floral-patterned paper you were so crazy about when you picked it starts to *drive* you crazy after it's up a few *months*? That's because the pattern had no practical purpose. We believe a wallpaper design should have a practical purpose. That's why we've designed these practical patterns ...purpose being to drive you crazy after they're up a few *days!*



FOR PEOPLE WITH SMALL ROOMS



FOR EX-URBANITES WHO MISS THE CITY



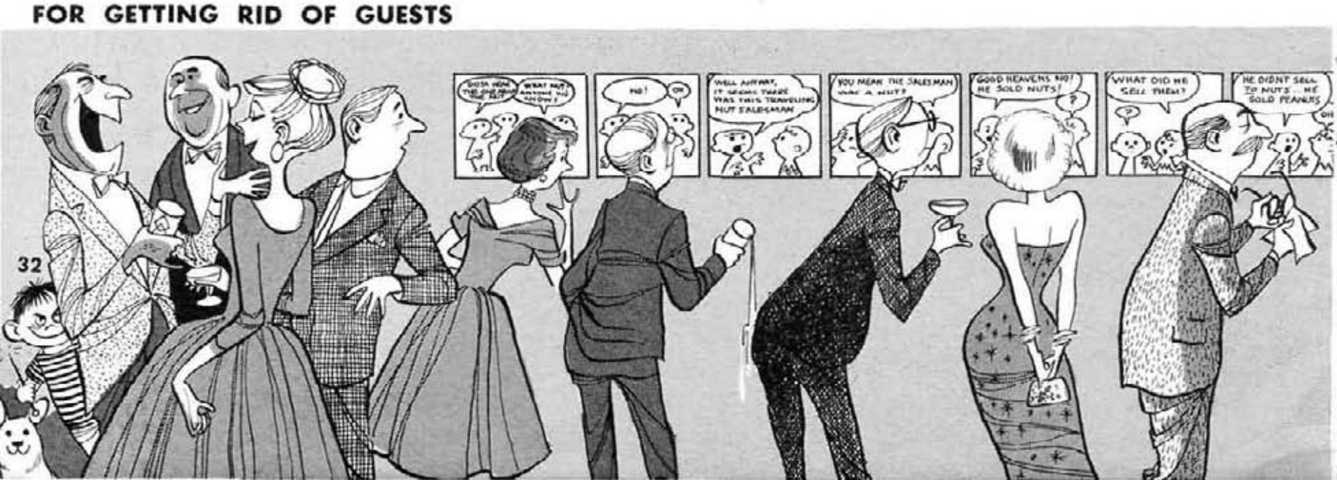
FOR ACCOUNTANTS



FOR EX-CONVICTS



FOR GETTING RID OF GUESTS

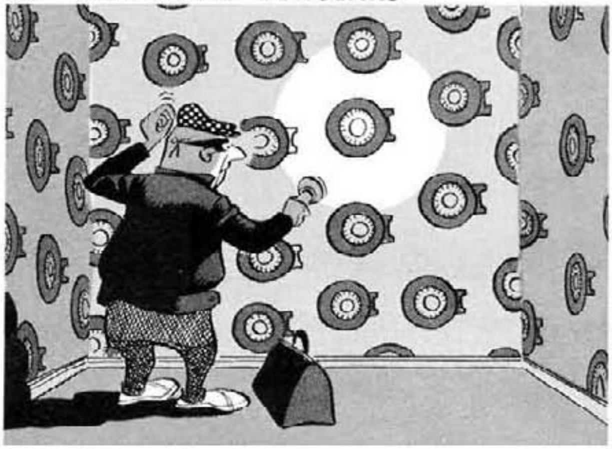




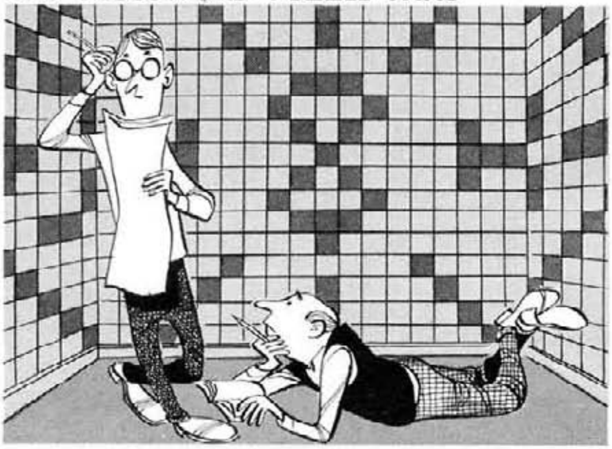
FOR BATTLING COUPLES



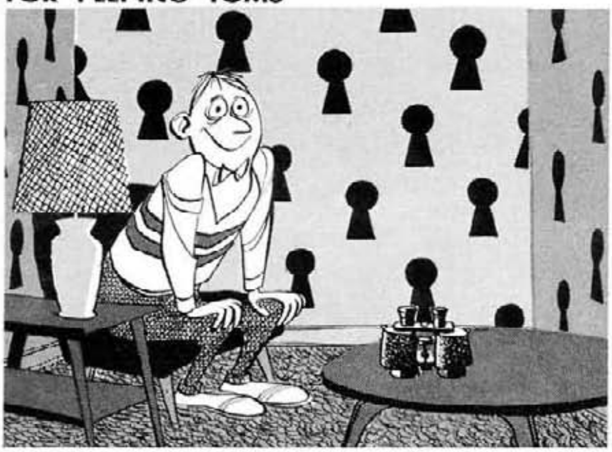
FOR CONFUSING BURGLARS



FOR CROSSWORD PUZZLE FANS



FOR PEEPING TOMS



PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE



SICK, SICK, SICK DEPT.

This age we live in has been termed by many as "The Age of Anxiety". And we agree. Today, you have to be a little neurotic, or people look at you like you're not normal. Seems that nowadays, if you don't hate your father, you just don't "belong". And so that readers of **MAD** shouldn't

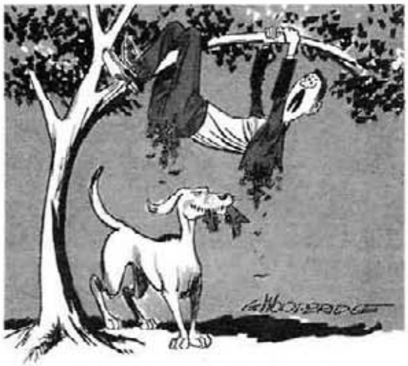
HOW NEUROTIC



DO LITTLE EVERYDAY THINGS UPSET YOU?
Yes ☐ No ☐



ARE YOU AFRAID OF MEETING NEW PEOPLE?
Yes ☐ No ☐



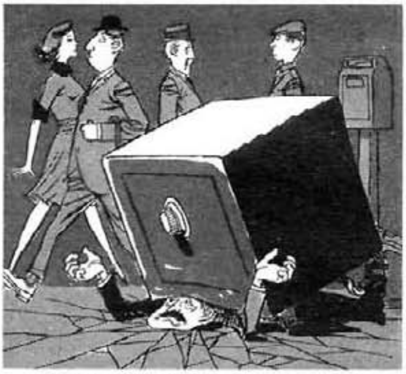
ARE YOU THE TYPE WHO WORRIES NEEDLESSLY?
Yes ☐ No ☐



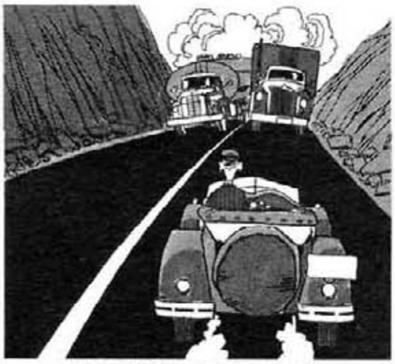
DO YOU OFTEN FEEL THAT LOVED ONES REJECT YOU?
Yes ☐ No ☐



ARE YOU UNNECESSARILY SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYONE?
Yes ☐ No ☐



DO YOU ALWAYS LOOK FOR SYMPATHY FROM OTHERS?
Yes ☐ No ☐



DO YOU HAVE DIFFICULTY MAKING QUICK DECISIONS?
Yes ☐ No ☐ Maybe ☐



ARE YOU ALWAYS TRYING TO ATTRACT ATTENTION?
Yes ☐ No ☐



DO YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT EVERY ACHE AND PAIN?
Yes ☐ No ☐ Oy-vay! ☐

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

miss out on this modern way to be interesting and sophisticated, we have prepared the following psychological test which asks the question:

ARE YOU?



CAN YOU ADJUST TO NEW SITUATIONS THAT ARISE?
Yes ☐ No ☐



ARE YOU INTOLERANT OF OTHER PEOPLE?
Yes ☐ No ☐



DO YOU ALLOW OTHERS TO DOMINATE OVER YOU?
Yes Sir ☐ No Sir ☐



DO YOU OFTEN FEEL UNLOVED AND UNWANTED?
Yes ☐ No ☐



DO YOU ONLY SEE THE GLOOMY SIDE OF THINGS?
Yes ☐ No ☐



DO YOU GET STRANGE COMPULSIVE DESIRES OFTEN?
Yes ☐ No ☐



SCORING

Add 5 for every "Yes" answer. Subtract 3 for every "No" answer.

UNDER ZERO

A score below zero shows that you are a typically old-fashioned, emotionally mature-type clod. So, you had better straighten yourself out, or you will wake up one morning so fully adjusted you'll be the laughing stock of your whole neighborhood. Now is the time to get out of your healthy rut and start getting some real anxieties and fears of your very own. Only in this way will you be able to take your rightful place in this sick, sick world of ours.

ZERO TO 50

A score between zero and 50 indicates that you have already started to develop a wholesome-type neurosis, but that there are still some deep-rooted healthy desires in your subconscious which are holding you back from realizing your full neurotic potential. We would suggest that you immediately begin to fight off this inner drive by practicing some time-tested hostile habits. For example, you can start by doubting everything. Then you can become suspicious of your neighbor. Get a little anti-social. Crack up once in a while. Running amok in a Public Library works wonders for beginners.

50 TO 75

A score between 50 and 75 shows that you are a fully-developed MAD-type neurotic, which makes you interesting and sophisticated. Such a guy, we like.

OVER 80

A score of over 80 shows that you are definitely psychotic. It also shows that you suffer from schizophrenia. It also shows that you have paranoiac delusions of grandeur. But mainly, it shows that you can't even add right—because the score only goes up to 75.

**Egocentric . . . a person who believes he is everything you know you are.

MONEY TALKS DEPT.

Today, the great American pastime is endorsing products. It doesn't make much difference what the product is, just so long as the endorser has a big name. In fact, we've found there's hardly any connection at all between the person and the product. These ads will show you what we mean as

Mad looks

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

Star Slugger **MICKEY MANTLE** says:

"**ACME** Industrial Blast Furnaces are **GREAT!**"



And who should know better than the champion New York Yankee outfielder who is famous for his own mighty blasts. You'll find your plant will hit a "home run" in efficiency every time when you install an ACME Industrial Blast Furnace.

ACME *Only* **$235,000.00** for one **$400,000.00** for two

INDUSTRIAL BLAST FURNACES

Prices slightly higher west of New Hampshire

Movie Star

Jayne Mansfield

says

"Nobody noticed me till I wore

Streekee

Eye Makeup!"



"I was helpless," confides Jayne. "People passed me by without a second glance. There was nothing distinctive about me. Then I heard about STREEKEE, and how it would give me Eye Personality. Since I started using STREEKEE, people notice me."

YOU, TOO, CAN BE A JAYNE MANSFIELD!

USE



ON YOUR EYES

Choice of four shades of black

Arabia's King Ibn Saud says –

"Make Sure it's SPEEDCO Motor Oil!"



Every time famed Monarch Ibn Saud hops into his air-conditioned limousine to inspect his oilfields, you can bet there's plenty of SPEEDCO Motor Oil in the crankcase! "I never use anything but SPEEDCO," says King Saud, "mainly because I *am* SPEEDCO!"

Only 19c per qt. can. **Only 39c** per filled qt. can.

**Foreign film . . . any movie shown in a Texas theater that isn't a western.

at Endorsements

TEXT BY FRANK JACOBS

Rock 'n Roll your Malteds in a McGillicuddy Mixer

Says ELVIS PRESLEY

Elvis really knows how to shake, rattle and roll... and that's why he's equipped his home soda fountain with a McGillicuddy Mixer, the only mixer with a syncopated beat!



McGillicuddy Mixers

For people who won't take their lumps!

$28.50 Order regular model for Ordinary A.C. Order special model for Washington, D.C.



"Keeping track of purges would be impossible without my **FLIPPY** Desk Calendar!"

– Says Red Boss NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV

"One day, it's Beria! The next day, Malenkov. Then Kaganovitch, Molotov, and Zhukov. Why, I'd have lost my mind (and maybe my head) without my FLIPPY to remind me who was next to get the axe!"

Whether it's a party or a purge, a FLIPPY Desk Calendar will help you arrange your days right. Act now! Order yours today from your local stationers.

FLIPPY

Desk Calendars

$1.50 per calendar

(Leap Years slightly higher)

"I'm not human!" says **RIN TIN TIN** "But if I were, I'd definitely wear a **FRAMMIS HAT!**"

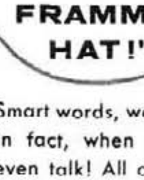


Smart words, we say! Amazingly smart words, in fact, when you realize that dogs can't even talk! All of which proves that anything can happen when you wear a FRAMMIS with its Flip-Top-Brim!*

FRAMMIS HATS

At finer stores in most cities
At lousier stores in all cities

*Patent refused



"I Get Paid to Endorse Nothing!" says *Alfred E. Neuman*

"Advertisers are scared stiff of me. They know I keep people away and louse up sales. That's why they pay me a fee just to keep my stupid face out of their ads. The last time I endorsed a product, I nearly touched off a national depression. So, if by some chance you happen to see my name on an ad, just forget you ever saw it."

A Public Service Message from the NATIONAL ADVERTISING COUNCIL



BOB

BOB AND RAY DEPT.

We interrupt this magazine to bring you a special article. Bob and Ray's roving correspondent, Wally Ballew, has just notified us that he's standing by in Newton, Illinois. So if you're ready, come in please, Wally Ballew, with your exciting on-the-spot report of . . .



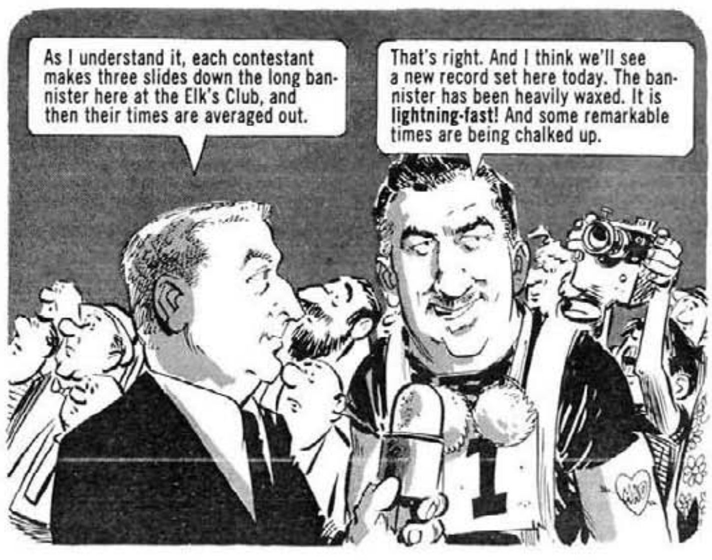
RAY

THE NATIONAL BANNISTER SLIDING CONTESTS

PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER







***Optimist* . . . girl who regards a bulge as a curve.



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***Pessimist* . . . man who looks for a pink slip before the money in his pay envelope.



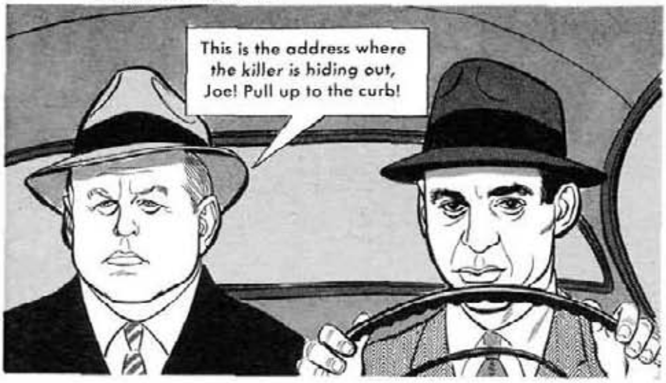
***Epitaph . . . a postponed compliment.*

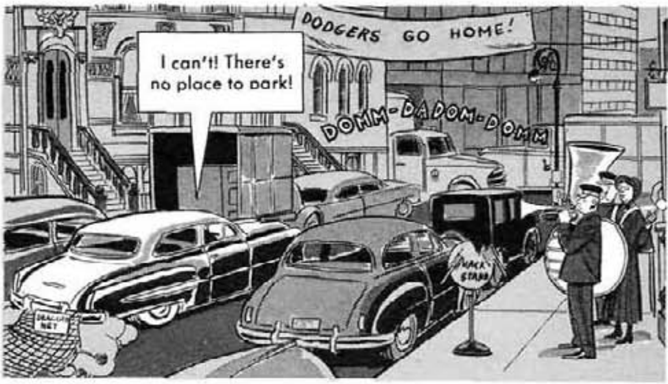
TELEVISION DEPT.

TV SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

DRAGNET

PICTURES BY JOE ORLANDO





$64,000 QUESTION





ED SULLIVAN





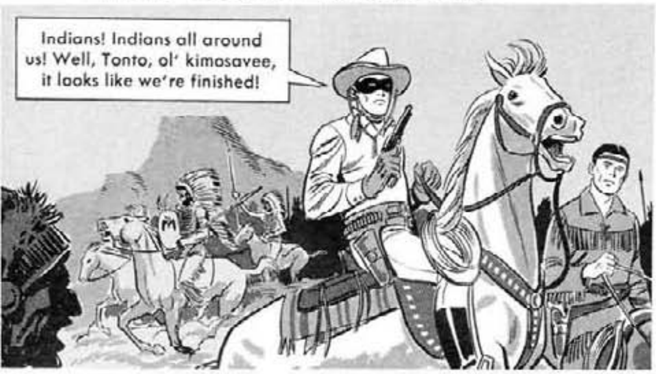
***Immigration . . .* the sincerest form of flattery.

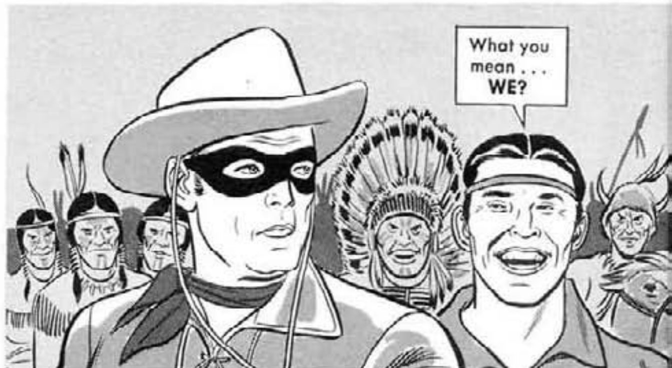
WHAT'S MY LINE?





THE LONE RANGER





THIS IS YOUR LIFE!





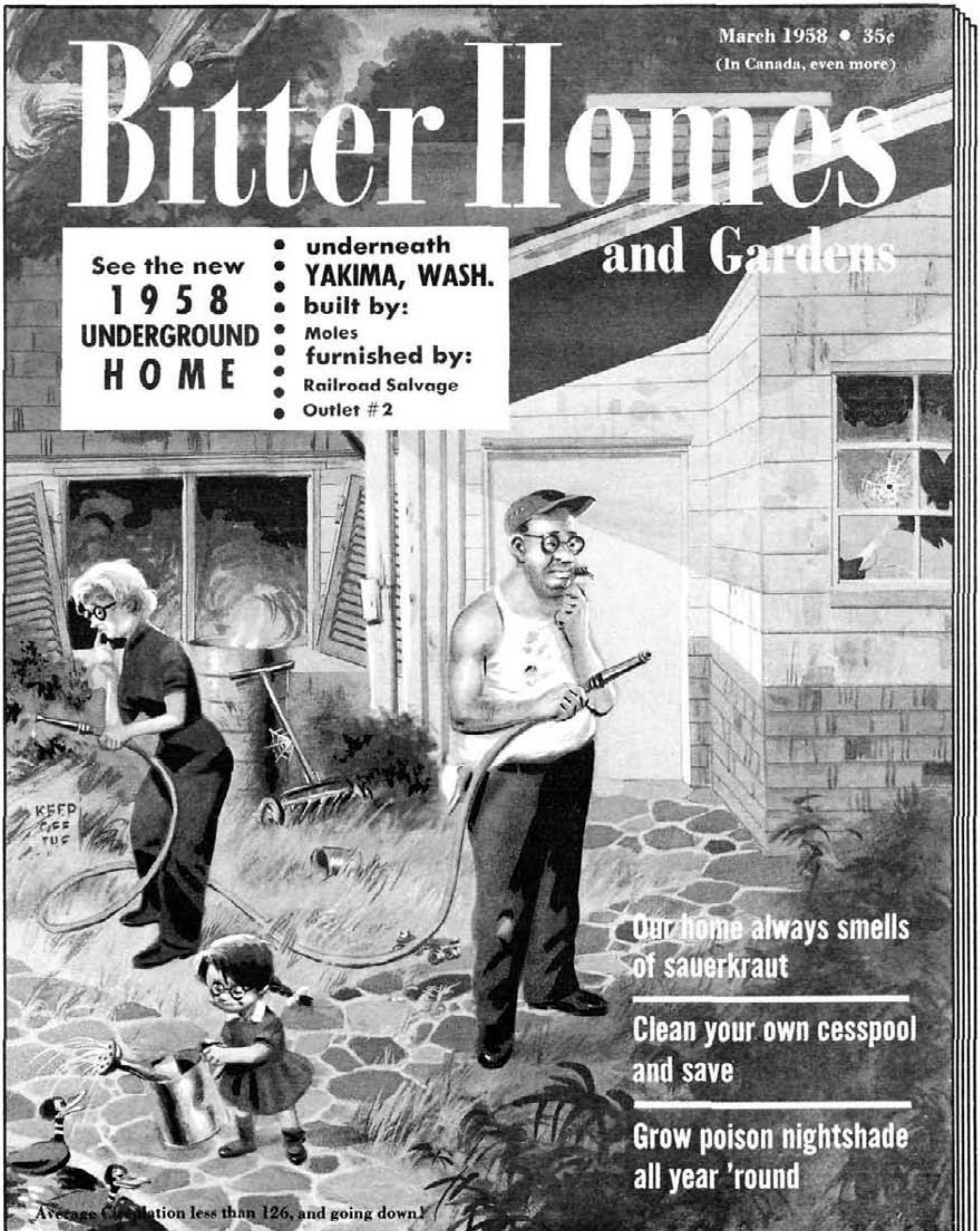
IF YOU HAD A MILLION





THE HOUSE THAT JERK BUILT DEPT.

Here's MAD's version of magazines that urge you to outdo neighbors. Trouble is, it gets messy. Because neighbors also read magazines like



PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

We converted our patio into a backyard



BEFORE: Patio was an eyesore and a catch-all as well for all the neighborhood fanciers of barbecue and free beer. The Burnstores decided to do something about it.

By Durwood "Greasy" Burnstore

I was busily transplanting snapdragon shoots one afternoon last summer when my wife, Boodie, turned to me and said, "Hey, Meat Head! Whudda we need this patio for? I mean—you know—what's with a patio, anyway? Am I right—or am I wrong? Whaddya say, Meat Head?"

Boodie, of course, had been drinking again. Nevertheless, the idea began to toss itself around in my mind. Other people in our neighborhood had backyards. Maybe we could have one too—with some "do-it-yourself" effort on my part. The more I thought of the idea, the more I liked it. No more smelly barbecues; no more playing host at dull outdoor parties; no more worries about Boodie falling down and hitting her head on the bricks when she was drunk—which was most of the time these days.

The first thing I did was to purchase some dynamite,

(Continued on page 578)

Despite the opposition of free-loading neighbors, Burnstores undertook the arduous task of converting useless patio into a backyard.



AFTER: Months of evening and week-end work paid off as the area miraculously became a backyard. Explained Mr. Burnstore, "It was worth all the time and trouble." Added Mrs. Burnstore, "That's right! *Urrrp!*"



Neighbors still make infrequent attempts to hold barbecues in the Burnstore backyard, but now are kept at bay by rats and other such pests that infest the area. Burnstores plan to add a mosquito breeder next summer.



Tear out that extra downstairs bathroom!

Simple remodeling gave home more storage space—and cut water bills in half, by making frequent baths impractical for this family of fourteen

When the Emil Deifendorfers bought their new home just outside of Wretched, Indiana, two years ago, it seemed to fill all the needs of a family of fourteen—except that it had two bathrooms!

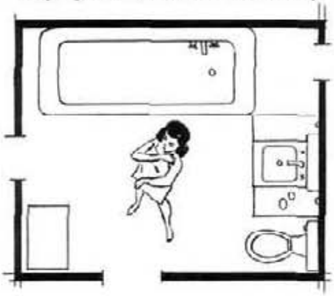
"It was like a nightmare," Deifendorfer recalls now. "I could never remember which bathroom I'd left the glass with my teeth in. And our water bill sky-rocketed as our twelve children capitalized on the extra plumbing facilities to take two, or even three baths a week."

A handyman as well as an efficient home manager, Deifendorfer set to work tearing out downstairs bathroom and converting it into much more needed storage space. With the plumbing now removed, he uses the 7 x 9 room as a convenient spot for storing old magazines and used razor blades. Meanwhile, the family thinks twice before getting into line to use the single remaining bathroom upstairs.

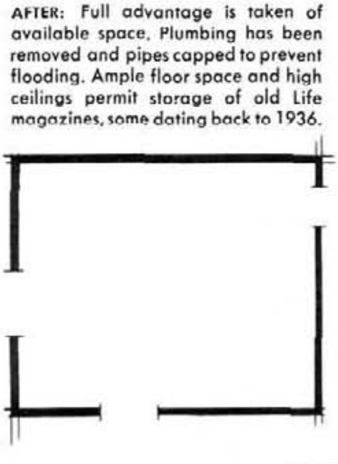


BEFORE: There's valuable space going to waste here. Modern fixtures and glass paneling clutter up room and prevent its use as a closet. Convenient location and facilities offer open invitation to squander expensive water.

BEFORE: Tools for wasteful indulgent living were all here. Inevitable results were that family did without a much needed storage space while keeping much cleaner than necessary.



AFTER: Full advantage is taken of available space. Plumbing has been removed and pipes capped to prevent flooding. Ample floor space and high ceilings permit storage of old Life magazines, some dating back to 1936.



AFTER: *This is the same room with emphasis now on utility rather than needless luxury.* Problem of keeping tile floor clean is solved by making it inaccessible. Deifendorfer did all work himself, but inspiration came from similar room in Langley Collier mansion.



Convert your spare bedroom into a basement

By Ozgood Z'Beard

More bedrooms than people to fill them in your house? That was the problem facing Dr. Whitney Pfluger only six short months ago.

"When we bought the house," explains Dr. Pfluger, of Monotony, Oklahoma, "I could have sworn we had five children. Imagine my surprise when we moved in and I discovered we only had four. Naturally, it created a spare bedroom problem that we solved with a lot of hard work and almost total lack of know-how."

Using only such basic tools as an axe, a crowbar and a blow-torch, Dr. Pfluger tore out all electric wiring, bricked up walls, covered hardwood oak floors with cement, and ripped off ceilings to expose beams.

The project was so successful that Dr. Pfluger is now hard at work on plans to convert his downstairs knotty pine recreation room into an attic.



WORK SPACE: One corner of the newly constructed basement is utilized as laboratory where Doctor can perform experiments that time and space limitations do not permit in his office.

PRIVACY: Dr. Pfluger finds that his new basement provides an ideal spot for getting away from the rest of his family and pursuing his many hobbies.





CONVENIENCE: Ample storage space in basement permits the Doctor to save items he has no immediate use for, but that he doesn't want to throw away.

VERSATILITY: Basement also may be used as exercise and game room. Dr. Pfluger keeps in shape by working out here before making his morning house calls.



RECREATION: The newly constructed basement is far enough away from the rest of the house to permit the Doctor to entertain his friends without annoying other members of the family . . . or the police.



They built their house on a lot

22 INCHES WIDE



Wheelright home is mistaken by many casual observers *for lighthouse* with no light. Unique dwelling has earned for imaginative and plucky owners a wide reputation as "Those crazy idiots!"

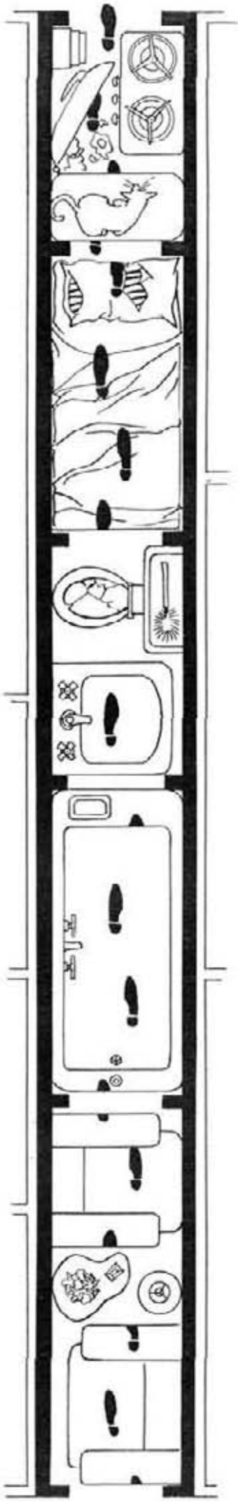
Imagine the surprise of Ewald C. Wheelwright, of Downpour, Iowa, when he received the deed to the property he had craftily purchased at a Sheriff's auction, and discovered that the 800 square feet of land he'd bought was actually a lot 419 feet long and 22 inches wide located between two office buildings in downtown Downpour.

Creative as well as blundering, Wheelwright began work on plans for construction of a home on his uniquely shaped lot. The results, as pictured on this page, have the townspeople of Downpour talking . . . mostly about other subjects.

The Wheelwrights, who have grown accustomed to moving sideways in their unusual home, acknowledge one serious oversight in the architectural plans.

Says Mrs. Wheelwright, who has been voted out of the Eastern Star since the home was completed, "When you have a house with rooms lined up one behind the other, you should never put a bathroom in the middle as we foolishly did. Whenever somebody takes a bath, the only way other members of the family can get from one part of the house to another is to go out the front door, around the block, and in the back."

The Wheelwrights also find that their new home has spurred them into making a new host of friends, all tall and thin.



Wheelwrights designed home themselves after architect originally assigned job gave up with an acute case of claustrophobia.

HOW-THE...

for the handyman



Immense savings on water bills, plus elimination of lawn sprinkling results from this unique idea. Using ordinary tools and casters from discarded bed or dresser, merely place lawn on wheels, drag to nearby spot where it's raining.

Hiram Pitnik
Drizzle, Nebr.



Gimletting the auger is easily squared and trued by cross-cutting ten penny 3/16" Stilson and japanning the wing-nut with a two-by-four, slotting the template as shown in the illustration.

Buford Sternwallow
Shrdlu, Minn.



No need to discard chairs with uneven legs. Easy solution for handyman is to place them in room with uneven floors.

Roger Schmeer
Unbalanced, R. I.



This simple expedient ends all danger of hitting ears with claw end of hammer on upswing. Ordinary household adhesive or friction tape keeps ears out of way, and leaves way clear for hitting finger with business end of hammer on downswing.

Alfred E. Neuman
Whatmeworry, Mad.

DON MARTIN DEPT.

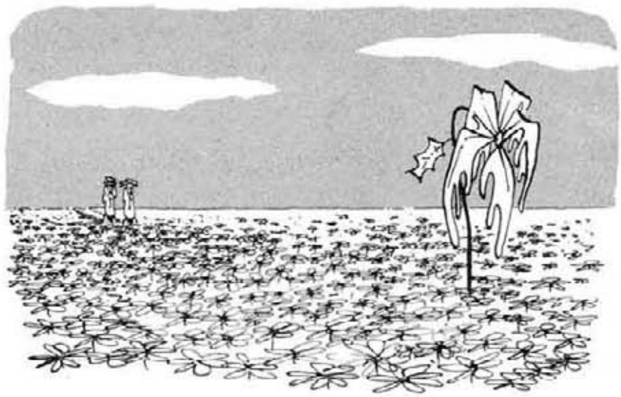
Here's another of Mr. Martin's

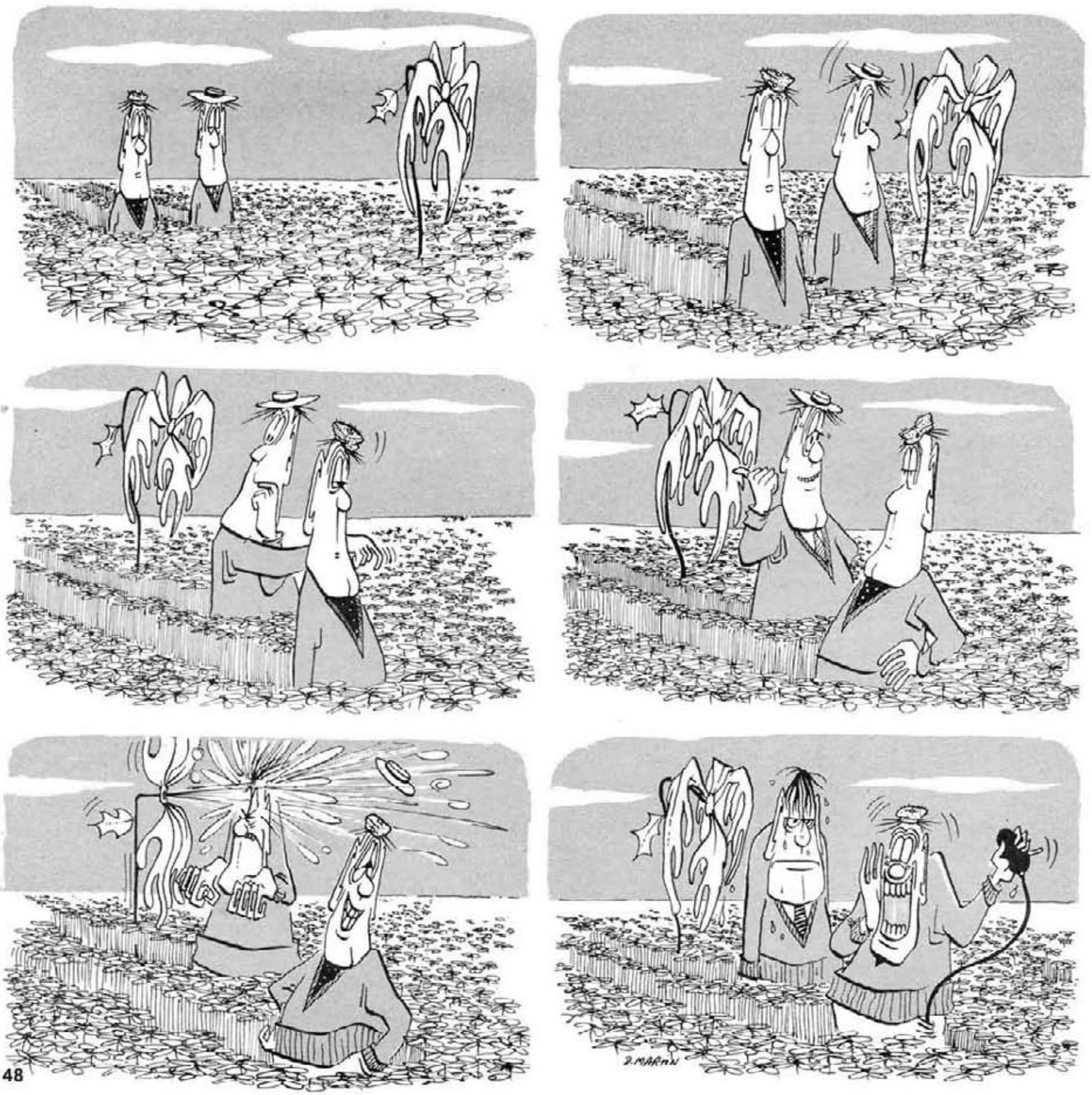
STRANGE TALES

He calls this one

In A Field Of Daisies

•Miracle . . . something that never happens in our generation.







VILECREAM grooms the self-loving

Chances start from application . . . wowwee! . . . encourages hair's natural curls . . . New Vilecream isn't seen, it's felt! And you'll just love its feel! By keeping your hair curling all day, this new grooming discovery gives you simply oodles of chances to run your fingers through your hair and around your neck daily. You'll just love yourself to death! Get new Vilecream!



Now you see it!
Massage Vilecream on hair and scalp . . .



Now you feel it!
Vilecream lets you hug and hug yourself!



For "SELF-LOVE" grooming . . .

Another fine product of Chickenfat-Pond's, Inc.



IT'S CRACKERS TO SLIP A ROZZER THE DROPSY IN SNIDE

New kind of cigar even fills itself by itself—with ink

The man is watching something revolutionary happen—his unique new Barker 61 literally drinking up ink all by itself by capillary "suction." He has simply removed the band-clip and set the cigar in the ink bottle upside down. In just 10 seconds the cigar is full. Now he'll lift the Barker 61 from the ink. No wiping needed because ink can't cling to this special tobacco surface. The perfect item for signing contracts in smoke-filled conference rooms. This totally new use of a cigar is just one of the many wonders of the Barker 61. F'rinstance, you can even fill your cigars with Dry Martinis. Then you'll be able to smoke and drink in one sinful labor-saving operation. Whatever you use it for, you'll like the classy beauty of the Barker 61 Cigar. (Talk about classy, isn't this a classy ad, not even mentioning who the guy is?)

Actually, man in picture is not who you think it is, but a double bearing a startling likeness who we got much cheaper.



Barker 61

Capillary Cigar

Unlike any cigar in this world